NEW YORK CLIPPER

THE OLDEST AMERICAN SPORTING AND THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor. | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1875. | VOLUME XXIII.—No. 32. Price Ten Cents.

ANGUISH.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

How much the heart, the human heart,
May bear of pain and sorrow,
If from the throne of life and love
God's help it will but borrow!
And when the silver cord seems loosed,
The golden bowl seems breaking,
'Tis often but the darkened hour
Which heralds joys awaking.

He lifteth up, He casteth down,
He parts us from our dearest;
Yet, when the darkest seems His frown,
God's mercy is the nearest;
And, though he gives the thorny crown,
He giveth grace to wear it;
Never a cross he sendeth down,
Without the strength to bear it.

We raise the frantic hand on high,
And think God deals unkindly;
We see not the all-plying eye,
But take our sorrows blindly.
O God! we cry in sorrow's hour,
O God! in mercy, hear us—
Foreetting mercy, blent with power,
Is ever hovering near us.

We see not through the shades of earth
The mists of mercy hovering,
The clouds which sorrow has given birth
God's light is from us covering;
And often, while in blank despair,
In grief and pain we languish,
We raise the fervent voice of prayer,
That He may see our anguish.

Be still, poor heart, beat not so wild;
Unsay thy anguished saying!
God watcheth o'er His suffering child,
He hears thy silent praying.
And never from the sufferer's heart
Rose up the voice of sighing,
But that he bore the heavier part,
And stilled the anguished crying.

Look up, sad soul! the night has passed!
There dawns a day immortal—
Look up! and see the light at last
Roll through His golden portal.
Brush back the tears which shroud from sight
The hills with rapture vernal,
And welcome to thine eyes the light
Unfading and eternal.

God never sent a single cloud
Without the ray to light it,
God never led a single soul
To darken and benight it.
Then let us place our hope above,
Though all seem to betray us,
And rest in His eternal love,
And trust Him though He slay us.

VIOLET MILDMAY;

OR,

IN THE SPIDER'S WEB.

A THRILLING ROMANCE OF LOVE, DECEIT AND CRIME

CHAPTER X.

There are two great forces forever
Mingled in battle and strife, and to the end
Will it so continue—Cupid and Mammon.
WALT WHITMAN.

Some quiet evenings are more productive of matter for reflection and afterthought than many more exciting and apparently eventful ones. How little there is to talk over of a ball! One quadrille is like another, and one partner very much like another. Most ballrooms are hot, most partners are unsuitable. But how often a quiet evening with a few friends in a country house is the beginning of some great matter—the mustard-seed whence springs the shadowing tree, the bend of the stream which changes its whole course!

So it was with several of the members of Mrs. Dodson's quiet little dinner. Five of them, at least, returned to rest that night very thoughtful. The captain, when he had reached the little boudoir or dressing-room of his luxurious suite, cast off, as if it were a mask, the careless smile of simple amiability, and showed in his countenance traces of the subtle workings of his brain. As he walked to the window and looked out upon the scene, bathed in the moonlight, his face grave and frowning with deep thought, he seemed a very different person to the easy-going gentleman of fortune which he had appeared in the drawing-room a few moments before.

"Soh!" he muttered, "the room has been closed since John Mildmay's death, and never been opened; the dust must lie thick there. Haunted, too! Did she see anything, or was it only a sentimental girl's fancy? Violet is not sentimental, and is scarcely the girl to be led away by weak fancy, either. The cry and the start were too natural in their suddenness and reluctance to be affected. Strange! I don't believe in ghosts; but if I did, I would believe that Violet Mildmay saw one then.

"The haunted room lies near this—in what direction? Let me see, I will close the door, and work out a mental calculation. "It must lie at the end of my bedroom, for that is in the part of the building nearest the ruins. If I were a nervous man, I might feel qualmish about the near proximity of the haunted chamber. As it is, as I am a man who has seen quite enough of the past season, and who has a calm, cynical disposition, that cannot be a fitting match for mine. He has coolness and confidence, has Mr. Leicester Dodson, and he is smitten with Mistress Violet. They were close together to-night in amiable confidence. Her hand fell upon his arm. I have known a man's heart fall before one look of such a woman as Miss Violet before now. Ah! that my young Lord Boisdale, is half inclined to lose his wits over the girl's fair face and grace—but he doesn't count. Some men are born fools, and this is one. He is of use, though. I must play one against the other, Lord Ethel, a no fool, and Mr. Bertie Fairfax thinks her an angel. There should be some cards to play there!

"Let me think, let me think. There are the materials of a nice little game of cross-purposes, if I can but manage it. Come in!"

He broke off suddenly, as a knock at the door disturbed his cogitations. Mr. Jem entered with his master's dressing-gown. The captain threw off his coat and donned the capacious garment in silence, which Jem did not think proper to break. At last the captain roused from his reverie, and turned his attention to his faithful valet.

"Where have you been?"

"Down in the village, captain," said Jem Starling with a wink. "There's a very nice little and pretty little creetur in cherry ribbons wot draws a good glass of ale."

The captain nodded absently.

"Don't be seen there too often, and keep your mouth shut."

"Trust me," said Jim, clicking his tongue against his cheek with a knowing air. "This old soldier is a very remarkable old soldier, and he's like the parrot, don't know nothing, and he thinks the more."

"You may think as much as you like," said the captain, "but be as moderate in your thinking as your talking, my friend. You had a bad habit, when I knew you in former days, of lifting that elbow of yours too often," and the captain went through the pantomime of taking a glass to his lips. "One slip in that direction means ruin, remember—ruin for you as well as me. But there, I have no wish to worry you. Amuse yourself as you like, so that you keep your mouth shut."

"I amuse myself," said Jem. "There's quite a little game going on down below which I'm mighty interested in. It's like one o' them Chinese puzzles—little pieces of wood you put together, you know, Lor', you might a' lived down Whitechapel in Larry's thieves' kitchen and not see more signs and mysterious nods and winks as you do down here—down here in this little village, which I thought was inhabited by perfect infants. Why, a man has to keep his eyes open every minute to catch all the signs which one simple-looking chap of a fisherman gives to another."

"What do you mean?" asked the captain absently, and with evident inattention. "What signs should fishermen have? Mr. Mildmay? There, I'm tired; go to bed. By the way, there's a sovereign for you."

And he threw one of the coins which he had won that evening on the table. Jem, who was beginning to understand his master's moods, picked up the donation with a touch of the forehead, and, with a gruff "Good-night, captain," departed, muttering to himself:

"He's working, he is; he's begun the game, or my name's not Jem. Ah! he's a deep 'un, is the captain!"

In another room of the Park, Violet was inclined to be thoughtful, and for some time her maid brushed the long tresses of her mistress' bright hair with inward surprise at her silence, and at last ventured to intrude upon it by the commencement of the little gossip to which Violet was rather partial, so long as it was confined to innocent chat, and did not diverge into scandal and tittle-tattle. So Marie ventured to remark that there were a great many servants at Coomb Lodge, and that the people were very glad that the Lacklands had come down; but they seemed quite as pleased that Mr. Leicester had come too. Mr. Leicester's name seemed to rouse her mistress from her reverie, and she looked up with her bright, clear gaze.

"What did you say about Mr. Leicester Dodson?"

"I said, miss, that the people in the village and the servants up at the Cedars were very glad that Mr. Leicester had come down again; for, though he's so very stern and grave-looking, he seems to be very kind, and everybody gives him a good name. And he's so liberal, miss! He gives a sovereign when others look hard at shillings. Only the last time he was down, miss, he went into Will Sanderson's cottage, and sat and talked with little Jemmie—Willie Sanderson's brother, you know, miss, little lame Willie; and he sat and asked questions about his not being able to walk, and then he got up with a start, and in his thoughtful way, which ain oat makes you think you've done something wrong; but there comes down one o' those little invalid chairs from London, and Willie says his brother is as well again, now that he can be wheeled about. Of course it came from Mr. Leicester, though, when Willie went up to thank him, he sent word down that he was to have a glass of wine, and not to wait. And they say—the servants, you know, miss—that Mr. Leicester is so kind to Mrs. Dodson, and speaks to her quite soft; and when she was ill with the rheumatics he carried her up and down stairs; and so no wonder they likes him; though I did hear the cook say that Mr. Leicester was very particular about the made dishes, and that when he is angry it's something fearful, he's so stern and what you might call overpowering, miss."

"Oh," said Violet with her sweet little laugh, "throws the dishes at the butler's head, I suppose you think, Marie?"

"Oh, no, miss; but has the cook up, and talks to him so cold and stern-like, like he talked to Bill Summers, who threw down the horse he was so fond of. But, notwithstanding that way of his, he's very kind to all the servants, and any of 'em would do anything for him. They like Mr. Fairfax, too, miss, and he, I heard 'em say, was an artist or an author, or something clever, miss, in London, and he lives with Mr. Leicester, in the same house, and him and Lord Fitz Boisdale are all great friends. And they do say, miss, though of course I can't tell whether it's true, that Mr. Leicester is courting Lady Ethel. Did I hurt you, miss?" she broke off, suspending her operations with the hair-brush, for Violet had turned round her head rather suddenly.

"No," said Violet quietly. "What do you say, that Mr. Leicester is in love with Lady Ethel Boisdale?"

"Well, miss, they say so, and it certainly do look like it, if all accounts be true, for Mr. Leicester's man says that his master is at all the balls and soirees and dinners at the Earl of Lackland's, and that he only came down here so sudden-like because Lady Lackland and Lord Fitz and Lady Ethel were come down to Coombe Lodge."

"That will do," said Violet; "I will go to bed now."

And Marie braided the heavy mass of hair into thick, silken plaits, rattling on meanwhile with a laughable account of Mr. Starling's sayings and doings in the servants' hall, to which he seemed, by Marie's account, quite an acquisition. Violet smiled with her usual enjoyment of the humorous, of which she had a quick perception, and Marie left her still smiling.

But when the talkative little maid had closed the door behind her, light-hearted Violet felt rather lonely. Her aunt slept in the next suite of rooms, and by touching a small bell she could summon her, or by opening a door and passing through a little ante-room she could reach her; but Violet was not nervous or timid, and after a little wrestling with the feeling she conquered it. But she could not altogether dismiss the small incidents of the evening from her mind. Had she really seen the White Nun, or had fancy deceived her? That was a question she could not answer satisfactorily. Then another one presented itself for consideration. Was Mr. Leicester Dodson a suitor for Lady Ethel's hand? That also was a question which she could not answer.

It was true he had gone up to town suddenly, and it was true that he had been present at a ball at which Lady Ethel was also present. It was also a singular coincidence that he should return so suddenly to Penruddle at the time of the Lacklands' visit to Coombe Lodge.

"Well, if it was so," thought Violet, humming the air of a song which Captain Murpoint had sung, "it was nothing whatever to do with her."

Then she thought of his manner by the stile that evening—of its quiet sense of power and protection; of the grasp of his firm, strong hand on her trembling arm of—well, of every word he had spoken, of every gesture he had used, of that act of kindness towards Jemmie Sanderson.

"I wish I were a little sleepier," she said at last. But though she went to bed, sleep would not come to her sweet, deep eyes, which Mr. Leicester so much admired, and they were wide open, watching the moonlight, as it fell upon the wall, for some time.

Some one possessed the power of looking through the wall, they might have seen Mr. Leicester's tall, stalwart figure, where he leaned against the gardengate, smoking his before-bed cigar, and ruminating, as wakeful as herself.

As for Lady Ethel, she too was thoughtful; but that was nothing unusual for her. But when Lord Fitz himself, who was generally extremely talkative, leant back in profound silence for at least the time occupied in traversing two of the six miles to Coombe Lodge, Ethel felt rather surprised.

"How quiet you are, Fitz!" she said.

"Eh, Ethel?" he replied, rousing. "I was thinking. I say, Ethel, what do you think of the Mildmays?"

"I haven't thought very much about them," said Lady Ethel, and indeed she had not. "I think Violet Mildmay is very pretty."

"Isn't she!" exclaimed Lord Fitz eagerly. "I think her the nicest girl I've seen. She's what you call a 'blue stocking,' isn't she? One of the 'merry and wise sort,' eh, Ethel?"

"Yes, I liked what I have seen of her very much. I am glad we have met."

"Yes, so am I," said Lord Fitz. "I say, I heard Bertie and Leicester arranging a riding-party; do you know if Miss Mildmay is coming?"

"I believe so," said Ethel. "Yes; I am sure she is."

"Then," said his lordship, "I think I shall go."

"Of course you will, to take care of me," said Ethel, smiling.

There was a short pause, then Lord Fitz roused again with the sudden question:

"Ethel, do you think the Mildmays are well tiled in?"

"Tiled in, you inscrutable boy! what can you mean?" asked Ethel with laughing bewilderment.

"Tiled in, well off, rich, you know, and all that."

"I should think so," said Lady Ethel thoughtfully. "They have a very beautiful place, and I have heard that her father was a merchant. Oh, yes; I should think she was rich."

Lord Fitz gave a sigh of relief.

"I'm glad of that," he said.

Ethel laughed.

"Why should you be glad?" she said, looking at him curiously.

"Oh, never mind," said Lord Fitz, rather embarrassed. "So her father was a merchant. All those merchant fellows get rich. Look at Leicester's father, he's as rich as Crœsus. I wish my governor was a merchant."

"He would be very much obliged to you for the compliment," said Lady Ethel with a smile. "For my part, I am satisfied with an earldom."

"Oh!" said Lord Fitz, and as he drew a long sigh he murmured inaudibly. "So should, I if it had a lot of money with it."

"That's a rum fellow, that captain," said Lord Fitz after a pause.

"In what way?" asked Ethel. "He seemed very ordinary, very amusing too."

"Oh, yes; he's amusing enough," assented Lord Fitz. "But I'm half inclined to think he's deuced sharp. He can play whist like a book, and picked up the coin like old Hawksey at the club. But I say, Eth., you're pretty sharp, sharper than I am, and did you notice the rum look of the captain's eyes? They seemed to be watching everybody and everything; and when he caught you looking at him they shifted down the table, and he was sure to make one of those funny speeches of his, as if he didn't want you to think he'd noticed you looking at him. And every time he lifted his wine-glass he looked over the top all down the table."

"No; I didn't notice all that," replied Ethel. "You are getting quite a student of human nature and manners, Fitz."

"Oh," said Fitz, nodding his curly head decisively. "You were too much taken up with Mr. Bert. I saw you, Miss Sly Boots, laughing and whispering."

"For shame, Fitz!" retorted Ethel, blushing in the darkness. "Whispering to a stranger?"

"Well, and what then?" said Lord Fitz. "And I don't wonder at anyone being taken up with Bert. He knows more stories than any man in all the clubs in London, and he can tell 'em better too. Pity he's so poor, Ethel. Poor old Bert!"

Lady Ethel looked straight before her.

"He ought to have been a merchant or a tea-grocer, or something of that sort," said Lord Fitz. "That's the way to make money."

By this time, very shortly afterwards, the carriage rolled up to the door of Coombe Lodge. Ethel, who had not spoken since Lord Fitz's assertion that Bertie should have been a tea-grocer, went straight up to Lady Lackland's room, where her mother was waiting up for her. Lord Fitz sauntered off to the billiard-room, where he lighted a huge cigar, and, with half-closed eyes, tried to decide upon the color of Violet's.

"I'm glad she's rich," he muttered, "very glad!"

Lady Lackland had been prevented from accompanying Fitz and Ethel by one of a series of headaches produced by the hauls of the past season, and she was now quite anxious to hear a full account of the party. Ethel gave her a list of the guests.

Lady Lackland, who was lying on a couch, raised her head with a grave look of displeasure as Ethel mentioned Bertie Fairfax's name.

"Mr. Fairfax there?" she said. "You did not tell me he was to be there, Ethel."

"Did I not, mamma?" said Ethel calmly. "I had forgotten it perhaps, or did not think his expected presence of sufficient consequence. Yes, he was there."

"And this Miss Mildmay? I remember Mrs. Mildmay—quite a distingue-looking woman. Is her niece like her?"

"She is pretty and well bred," said Ethel.

Her ladyship mused coldly, eyeing her daughter at intervals while she sat looking through the window at the moon.

"And how did the Dodsons seem? Did you like them?"

"Yes," said Ethel, "very much. It was a very pleasant party, mamma; and we have arranged another, a riding-party this time. I may go, I suppose?"

"If—es," said Lady Lackland. "If Fitz goes with you—oh, yes, certainly. Mr. Leicester Dodson goes, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Ethel; "we are all going—all the young ones. Shall I stay any longer? I make your head ache more by talking."

"No; don't stay any longer," said Lady Lackland coldly. "Before you go, will you please draw that writing-table near to me?"

Ethel did so, kissed her mother, who returned the warm pressure of her soft, sweet lips by a cold touch of her own, and left the room.

Lady Lackland drew the table to a convenient position, and without rising wrote a note to the Earl, who was still in London.

"Tell me by return," she wrote "who and what those Dodsons are—whether they are really as rich as they are supposed to be, and if I am right in letting Ethel see so much of the son. I saw Bertie Fairfax at their place—the Cedars—this evening, and met a Miss Mildmay—Violet Mildmay, the merchant John Mildmay's daughter. I believe he left an immense fortune behind him, but I am not certain, and perhaps you can ascertain. I have not seen Fitz but Ethel says the girl is very pretty, and well bred. I am sorry to say that odious Mr. Fairfax was there also; he is staying at the Cedars."

Poor Bertie!

CHAPTER XI.

The strongest men turn cowards when they face
The supernatural. Goliath has less terrors
Than a puny subject dressed in white sheets.
BENTLEY.

While his master was dressing, himself and taking his pleasure, Mr. Starling took his recreation after the manner that best suited him.

The "Blue Lion," as has been stated, was a very comfortable hostelry, and, once the habitue became reconciled to the somewhat abrupt manner of its hostess, he could make himself very snug, if he so willed it, either in the cosy bar or the comfortable little parlor.

It was not long before Mr. Starling had established a right, by custom, to an easy-chair in the latter, and his short, well-built figure generally filled it every evening after the dinner in the servants' hall up at the Park.

Mr. Starling was as amusing in his way as his master, and Polly Pettingall could not resist his gallant way of ordering a pint of ale or drinking the same, and seemed more inclined to listen to his fine London compliments, as she called them, than to the broadly-expressed admiration of the old and more unsophisticated swains.

She always drew Mr. Starling's ale with a good head running over the pot, and never failed to throw him a smile, as it were, as he handed her the fourpence. Sometimes he ventured to press the small fingers in the transaction; but Polly was a modest girl, and received such violent lovemaking with a proper toss of the head, and a "Well, I never, Mr. Starling!" At which Jem, not at all abashed, always fired a volley of winks and chuckles with the most remarkable variety and rapidity.

It happened that Mr. Starling was rather late in arriving at the "Blue Lion" on the evening following that of the dinner party at the Cedars.

He had been sent over to the nearest market-town on some errand of his master's, and had not returned until after dinner, which meal he had partaken of "warmed up," a state and condition which he declared to the cook was enough to drive a parson swearing.

Altogether, Jem was not in the brightest of moods when he entered the hospitable doors of the "Blue Lion," and it did not help to disperse the gloom to find that the parlor was empty. The room was not empty, for he could hear the hum of voices inside talking in a hushed sort of undertone.

There was no one in the bar, and Mr. Starling, rendered by his early training and the influence of circumstances suspicious by anything out of the common, crept on tiptoe into the street, and then peeped through the crack of the window which was formed by the uplifting of the curtain. There he saw that the usual number of the gentlemen was reinforced by a little old man, whom he seemed to recollect as having seen somewhere before. All the man's mates were pretty close together, and there was that unmistakable look of earnestness upon their faces which appears when important business is on hand.

Mr. Starling looked for two or three minutes, and listened with greedy eagerness; but he could not distinguish a single word, and, fearful of being detected in the attitude of a spy by some chance passer-by, he commenced whistling "Villikins and his Dinah," and re-entered the bar. His quick ears detected the unslipping of the bolt, and he pushed open the door without any difficulty. All the men had suddenly assumed the air of the most innocent and sleepiness, and responded to his cheerful salutation after their various kinds.

"Bring me a pint of the very best, Miss Polly," said Mr. Starling, sinking into his seat, and eyeing from under his frowning eyelids the strange little man.

"A nice night for salamanders, mates."

"Yes," said Willie Sanderson; "it's mighty hot."

"No fish?" asked Jem.

"No," was the response.

"But we expect a shoal over to-night," said the little man, with an almost imperceptible glance around the room.

"Aye," said the others in a chorus. "We may do something to-night."

"And a very pleasant little trip too," said Mr. Starling, nodding all round over his pewter pot. "I quite envy you. I don't mind volunteering, if so be as I shouldn't be in the way."

A slight but unmistakable expression of dismay shot for one instant on his manly face, then Willie Sanderson laughed slowly:

"Better be in bed, mate. We might have it rough, for all the wind's the dead now; and if you ain't a first-rate sailor, the smell of the fish—if we gets any—might disagree with ye."

"Aye," said the little man. "Better stay in bed."

"Well, perhaps you're right," said Jem, thinking to himself that they were all mighty considerate on his behalf. "Yes, perhaps you're right. I like 'em when they are cooked, though, and I'll just look down in the morning and see if you've had a take."

"Do," said Willie shortly, and then started another topic. But though many others followed, and Mr. Starling was quite as amusing as usual, the company did not seem to be in the mood for conversation or laughter, and Jem noticed that every man seemed to be watching or listening.

Once the door opened rather suddenly, and the little man rose with an ill attempt at indifference; but only Polly entered with some tobacco, and the little man sat down again. Presently the door opened again, and Martha Pettingall entered. She wore her yellow bandana, and as she looked round the room, Jem, who, while lighting his pipe, was watching her closely, saw her raise her hand and scratch her ear. He looked round the room covertly to see for whom the sign was intended, and was not surprised to see the little man lift his hand with a natural air and scratch his ear.

"Well, boys, what do you say?—shall we be starting?" And as he spoke he went to the window and pushed the curtain aside, to look out at the night.

As he did so, Jem, who was watching under his eyelids with the most lynx-like attention, saw a streak of light cleave the sky upwards.

The old man dropped the curtain again immediately; but Mr. Starling's eyes were sharp ones, and he had seen the light distinctly enough to know that it was not a natural phenomenon.

"Well, come along, boys," said Willie Sanderson; "and, hastily tossing down the remains of their potations, the boys rose and trudged out, giving Martha Pettingall and Polly a cheery "good-night" as they passed.

Jem sat for a little while in deep thought. Then he ordered another pint of ale, and drank it slowly, shutting one eye and looking at the fireplace and up at the ceiling alternately.

At last he rose and stalked into the bar.

"Well, I think I'll mooch," he said with a yawn. "It's rather dull when all the company's gone."

"Yes," said Polly, who was wiping the tea-glasses. "Why don't you try a little fishing, Mr. Starling?"

"Why don't you try a little sense?" angrily broke in Mrs. Pettingall, eyeing her pretty niece with extreme displeasure. "What does the man want with fishing? Aren't there plenty o' men at it a'ready? And I suppose he's got something to do—and, though he is hanging about a public-house so often."

"Come, missus," said Jem good-naturedly, but looking at her under his eyelids rather closely, "if all the landlords and landladies talked like you, and their customers minded 'em, the public line 'ud soon come to the bad. Bless you for fishing. I did think o' going with 'em, just for a lark, to-night."

Martha, who was putting a bottle on a shelf, turned sharply.

"Did any o' 'em ask ye?" she asked,

"No," said Jem carelessly, "I don't know as they did; but there wouldn't a' been any harm if they did, would there?"

Martha emitted a sharp sniff.

"Folks better mind their own business," she said snappishly, "and leave other people to mind theirs. You wouldn't like Will Sanderson to come interfering with your business—if you've got any—would you?"

"I don't think he could," said Jem, with a knowing laugh. "I'd like to see Willie Sanderson a-dressin' the captain. Hah! hah! Well, no harm, missus; I've not gone with 'em, and I'm going home. Good-night, my bird-o'-paradise."

And with a kiss of the hand, in addition to this poetical and oriental salutation to pretty Polly, Mr. Jem sauntered out.

Outside he paused and looked up at the sky, then scratched his head, and, instead of turning homewards, he bent his steps towards the beach.

The tide was coming in; it was a fine night, and Jem could see every ripple upon the smiling, playful ocean.

There, far out now, were the fishing-boats, looking like magnified walnut shells as they rose and fell on the light swell.

Jem looked at them with a strange interest and curiosity, which was not lessened when he observed that the boats were bearing round to the south.

"The fishing's a mighty mysterious profession," he muttered. "If they'd been goin' to crack a crib they couldn't a' gone about it more slipperish. There they go; they'll be lost round that cliff directly, and then I suppose I shall go home."

He waited until the boats were lost to him, then climbed up the beach again.

As he passed through the street he peeped into the "Blue Lion." There was no one in the bar, and he was about to step in, when he saw a light pierce the chinks in the cellar-flap.

He stooped and knelt down, expecting to see nothing more awful or interesting than Martha or Polly drawing a mug of beer for their own private delectation, and he peeped in merely from the influence of old habits and times, when to peep and skulk were natural, every-day customs with Mr. Starling.

But to his astonishment he was rewarded with a sight not of Polly or Martha, but of the little old man, who was not drawing beer, but peering on his knees into what seemed to Jem like the mouth of a well.

"Hullo," he thought, "here's the old chap playing larks with old Grunty-grump's beer," and he was about to run into the bar with the information.

But before he could get up from his knees another figure, no other than Martha Pettingall, entered the cellar, and, far from expressing alarm or indignation at the old man's presence, commenced talking with him in a low, confidential tone. Jem would have given one of his large eyes to have heard that conversation, or for a peep into that hole over which it was held. But the pair spoke in a faint whisper, and Jem could not catch a word. Presently the man dropped the lid of the well, spread some sawdust over it, and, taking up the candle from a cask, lighted Martha up the steps, following himself immediately after. Jem got up, gave vent to a noiseless whistle, and, having had his curiosity sharpened to a most ravenous edge, determined to play spy a little longer. Accordingly, he drew back into the shadow of the house, chose a tree as ambush, and kept a sharp watch, upon both cellar and door.

The light did not appear in the former, and for some time the latter did not move; but at last Jem heard voices in the bar, and presently Martha opened the door.

She stood for a few moments, looking up and down the empty street, then re-entered.

"What they call reckonorriting," muttered Jem. "Now, I bet the old chap'll come out."

And so it proved.

The little old man did come out, and set off at a sharp trot up the hill.

"Well, I'm blest; that must be funny fishing up a mountain," said Jem to himself. "He's in a mighty hurry, too. But what's my move? Do I dog, him or wait here a little longer and see what the old woman will be up to? If I sets off after him, he's safe to see me; you could see a brass farden at two miles in this light. No; I'll stop here."

And he did; but was rather disgusted at his fortune when about half an hour afterwards Martha came out, banged the shutters to, and shut up the house for the night.

"The performance is hover," said Jem, coming out of his ambush, "and a very pretty play it's been; only, as the chap said at the Hitalian hopera, it 'ud be all the better if I knowed what it means, which jigger me if I do."

And with a shake of the head Jem hurried his steps homeward. He looked about him as he went, but nothing more suspicious occurred than the flitting of a rabbit across the road, at which Mr. Starling flung a stone; and as he passed within sight of the Park, he wiped the perspiration from his bottle-shaped head and sighed.

"Where's that chap gone to?" he asked himself. "Got a sweetheart up in the house, I dare say. I'll ask the cook; he knows everybody, and will put me right about these 'ere goings-on at the 'Blue Lion.'"

Somewhat cheered by that resolution, he trudged on again, looking at the house, which even to his unpoetical eyes seemed beautiful in the moonlight. Then he glanced at the sky, in which a few black clouds were gathering.

"All in the dark directly," he muttered.

And as he spoke the moon was obscured. He turned his eyes up towards it, then was about to lower them, when they saw something which caused him to start, to stop, and to stare. By this time he was near that part of the park called the "ruins." Right before him was the facade with the oriel window. All the way up the hill, when not thinking of the "Blue Lion" and its mysterious frequenters, he had been thinking over the various ghost stories in connection with the Park; and now, just at the moment when the moon was obscured, and he was thinking of one of the latest he had heard, he saw something white pass across the window. He stared and waited breathlessly.

"I'll take my oath I saw it," he muttered. "It's gone, and I mayn't see it again. But I saw it, I swear! Ah!"

The sharp, smothered exclamation was caused by absolute fear. It had come again. There, so plain and distinct that he could see every fold in the white robe, was the figure. Jem's face turned pale, and his teeth shook. He had a sensation as of cold water being quietly poured down his back, and his mouth felt dry and hot. The ghost stood motionless, with its back to the window, and a horror seized upon Jem that it might perhaps turn, see him, and—and know what he had witnessed. The horror was not ill-founded. The ghost turned. Jem saw the hideous, white, bleached skull-face, and, as the gleaming eyes seemed to pierce him through, he fell on the ground, stricken by that nameless horror before which the strongest man must succumb. How long he lay there he did not know. When he gained consciousness he found himself bedewed with dust, fearfully cold, but with no tangible injury. He rose, shuddered, and, striking the dust from his clothes with a shaking, uncertain hand, walked slowly on, averting his eyes from the dreadful window.

"What'll I tell the captain what I've seen?" he thought. "No; he'll swear at me, and say I was drunk; and I should think I was, only I know it 'ud take more than three pints o' beer to knock me silly. Ugh! I shan't get the sight o' that thing's face and eyes out of my head till I'm as dead as she was. This is a rum, unearthly sort of place, this is, and if summat incommon queer and nasty don't happen before long, I'm a Dutchman."

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE BURNING OF THE PARK THEATRE, NEW YORK, DEC. 16, 1848.

WE COME AND GO.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY H. E. H. KELLOGG.

If you or I
To-day should die,
The birds would sing as sweet to-morrow;
The vernal Spring
Her flowers would bring,
And few would think of us with sorrow.

Yes; he is dead,
Would then be said;
The corn would rose, the grass yield hay,
The cattle low,
And Summer go,
And few would heed us passed away.

How soon we pass!
How few, alas!
Remember those who turn to mould!
Whose faces fade
With all the shade
Beneath the sodded churchyard cold!

Yes, it is so—
We come, we go—
They hail our birth, they mourn us dead;
A day or more,
The Winter o'er,
Another takes our place instead.

THE RIVALS.

A STORY OF JEALOUSY AND REVENGE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY MNEMOSYNE.

Flashing around the brightly-lighted and gorgeously-decorated arena upon the highest mettled steeds, those of the purest breed and most perfect training—the one arrayed in snowy garments, sparkling with golden stars; the other in robes of night, dazzling with crimson ones—and both young and beautiful, it would have been very difficult for the witched hearts of the beholders to have decided which was entitled to wear the crown of triumph—to which should be given their unreserved homage.

From generous rivalry between them there had come at last the most bitter jealousy. One could not receive a plaudit, or even trifling bouquet, without the other feeling as if a blow had been sharply thrust into her heart—as if she had been robbed of something that rightfully belonged to her. Both were born beneath foreign skies, and hot blood coursed through their veins, giving to passion an unbridled license that caused many a bitter tear of sorrow and repentance.

A description of one would be an almost perfect pen-picture of the other. There was the same hair of wondrous blackness and softness and length, floating over the shapely shoulders and bosom as the haze of a thunder-cloud; the same cleanly-cut features; the same black and slightly almond-shaped eyes, glittering with love and passion, and the soft skin tinted as the heart of a sea-shell; the same lithe figure; the same grace of motion; the same red, ripe lips, that in parting disclosed a line of pearly teeth—almost the same language, for one came into being beneath the waving vines of France, and the other was a child of her passionate sister, Spain.

At the beginning of their artistic career they had been as sisters. But as they became famous, a change gradually came over them—they folded, like the sensitive plant, the leaves of their hearts more closely together, so as to hide the burning core, grew reserved, distant, pettish, estranged, and at last jealous—jealous until every warm current of their nature was iced into hate, every thought tinged with envy, and every breath one of fierce desire for supremacy.

But it was not a longing to make the little crowd that nightly assembled under the canvas bow in homage to them—become the most willing slaves to their beauty and grace and daring. That they had satisfied themselves of their power to accomplish at all times. No; the perfect adoration of one single heart would have sufficed to make them perfectly happy—to have made them tread as upon air, and skim around the ring as if gifted with wings.

Both grew to love one man, and love with them was something far more than is known by the meaning of the word in northern lands. It was a tropical, intensely tropical, all-absorbing, fierce (if crossed) as the wintry storm sweeping the rocky crests of the bleak Sierras, and hot as the simoon that burns itself to death upon the arid Asiatic sands—was rather as the red coral sun at the noon of a Summer's day, than the moon that softens while it silvers.

For a long time both the French and the Spanish girl kept their heart's secret well, little dreaming of that of the other. But as the object of their passion was equally flattered and was attentive to both, the green-eyed serpent of jealousy twined its scaly folds within their bosoms, and the emeralds the rivalry grew bitter—far more so than that of professional pride—became a part of their every breath, and that not to conquer a world, but one poor heart.

To the eye that looked no deeper than the surface the subject of their almost insane love was such a one as women in the first flush of passionate romance always look kindly upon, for they almost, if not quite, fill the ideal. He was tall, strong, with luxuriant hair of curling auburn, that just missed making good the fanciful imagery of the poet, "brown in the shadow, golden in the sun;" eyes blue as the Summer cloud, the most winning of smiles and voices, and one who, like the wandering Fitz James,

"Knew every wily train
A lady's fickle heart to gain."

Versed in the accomplishments of the day, with his fine presence instantly attracting attention, a skilled and enthusiastically welcomed performer, and knowing well and using to the utmost the accessories of rich dress, it is not to be wondered that he became the cynosure star of such hearts as those that bowed in worship to him, the more especially as he was of the same profession, was constantly thrown into association, and made a part of each pageant where they queened it over the lesser lights—who floated ribbons, waved banners and even rode full tilt against the gates of the hearts of mankind.

But Leon Duval had too good an opinion of himself to lightly "throw himself away," even upon the most beautiful and talented woman in the world. He was next to as cold as they were impetuous, and when he took unto himself a wife profit would enter much into the affair, unless, indeed, Cupid was able to bring more powerful angels than cupidity to vex the waters of his soul.

To both the French and Spanish beauty he deftly and even warmly played the lover when with them, but never committing himself in the least. He was far too wary—too old a scholar in the dangerous school of flirtation for that; and, though he had about settled in his own mind that he would marry one of them, yet he remained entirely undecided which of the twain it should be. That circumstances must decide.

His irresolution was wormwood and gall to the fiery nature of the girls. The eyes of the one flashed as with the dangerous mesmeric light of a coiled serpent when he was toying and whispering to the other, and little hands were clenched and sharp white teeth were pressed into the crimson lips, leaving marks of purple, and the breath came thick and hot, and the foot was stamped with vexation, and a dark frown rested upon and marred the smooth oval of the face. To them, even if some good angel had whispered:

"O tempest-tossed sea of white bosoms,
O breasts with demands and desires,
O hearts filled of fevers, of fires,
Reaching forth from the tangible blossoms,
Reaching far for impossible things!
Beat not, O break not your warm wings
On the cruel cold bars any more,"

the advice would have been scoffed at, and the strife for the prize been more savagely intense, and the end, when it came, more bitter.

Leon Duval stood leaning in his most picturesque attitude against the centre-pole, watching the rival beauties and trying to make up his mind which he should honor with his hand—as if they had nothing to say in the matter. Both were dressed with the most exquisite taste, were marvels of grace, witchery and daring. They felt, as well as saw, that his eyes were upon them, and rivalry blazed forth in deeds.

The French girl represented "Morning," clad in spotless garments, tufted with swan's-down, as if sprinkled over with the softest, purest and most feathery of snowflakes—with a sea of white floating about her—a veil drifting as a hazy cloud behind, and through and over all shone the light of countless stars, golden and far-flashing as the sun in the noon-tide of July.

The Spanish senorita was the most possible striking contrast, as "Night." Everything was sable about her, even to the floating hair and the eyes. Save in color, her dress and laces and streaming veil and ribbons were the same as those of her rival; but the stars were crimson, and their flashes lighted up the sombreness as the vivid lightning the thunder cloud. A tiara of graduated stars, fiery as Mars and brilliant as Venus, circled her head, surmounted by a crescent, and arms and wrists and dainty ankles (as now and then revealed by the fluttering-aside of the gauzy skirts) were banded with the same blood-hued and pulsated spangles.

Nothing that art could do had been left undone to carry out their characters, even to the horses that carried them swiftly around for

"The right-hand steed was as silver white,
The left the sweetest bay."

With equal skill and fearlessness they dashed around the sawdust arena, and then one gave way for a time to the other; the Spanish girl, checking her foaming steed, leaping lightly to the ground, and leaving the other to ride as a queen alone, and gain plaudits and bouquets, until all other sounds were drowned in the one, and the tempest assumed as a Summer garden with perfumed blossoms.

Black-browed as the night she represented, the one in repose looked upon the other with lips pressed together as in pain, or curving higher and higher in jealous scorn, and eyes that flashed a curse. Every shout, every flower, was agony to her, and sank through ear and sight and brain down into the black depths of her heart, as a funeral knell to her own hopes, and haunted her as a skeleton hand tearing the rose-twined crown of success from her own fair brow, and dimming the splendor of the stars burning amid her shining billows of jetty hair. Love, a thousandfold worse than all the bitter draughts of earth was the cup then held by jealousy to her lips. But, crushing down the evil-eyed and forked-tongued snake that was coiled within her bosom, she turned to notice the effect of the triumph of her rival upon him she would solely claim as a lover.

She was leaning, as he had been from the first, in a studied attitude, and his eyes showed how much his heart was in his gaze. Every feature revealed attention and the most exquisite pleasure. In fact, his very soul seemed going out to the fair rider, whose flight around the circle and vaulting over garters and banners and flaming hoops and fire balloons was next to magical. And it might have been the very last moment of heart-freedom for him, had not a touch of the whip—a spiteful rather than tender one—of the jealous senorita recalled his mind from its wanderings, and keenly forced upon him the fact that there were other beauties in the land beside those coming from La

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1875.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ Letters seeking information replied to only through this department; no answers by mail.

C. B., Louisiana.—Charley and Leland are cutting high cards for the drinks. Charley cuts and obtains that deuce, and Leland shows the ace. Both claim to win, and on that Leland bets Charley $5 that, in cutting high cards, the ace beats the deuce, or that the deuce is the lowest card in the deck, and they agree to abide by your decision.* In card-cutting for money or "oysters," it should be agreed upon beforehand as to what is high or low. Nothing to the contrary being specified, the cards should be assigned their normal value, which, even a child can see, is from king down to ace. The rule, which of late years it has been attempted to establish, that ace is high, and that deuce is low, and always high in cutting for money, etc., is not only absurdly contradictory, but opposed both to common sense and to the plainest principle of arithmetic. Common sense and to the plainest principle of arithmetic. Common sense says that the ace is to have a special interest, as in poker, up, that the ace is to have a special value and will beat everything else, it is clear that the deuce should be held to be a higher card than the ace, and it seems to us that to the contrary is simply to play into the hands of sharpers, who, necessarily aware of the existence of special laws as opposed to reason, are thus in a position to take advantage of people who are resided by common-sense principles, rather than by rules, of which probably they will never have heard until after they have been fleeced. Equally arbitrary and equally illogical is another new-fangled rule, which seems to have been made for no other purpose than to facilitate the getting of bets, viz., "low wins in cutting for deal at all games, and the deal is always low." Why, in the name of common sense, should low ever win anything? We will add that all these card-points have ceased to be good betting ones, owing to absurd differences from the practice of years ago; and even a rule of our own has of late become necessary. That is, that in a case of the kind cited by "C. B." the cutters must agree beforehand as to the value of the cards, and then there will be no bet, not even a dispute. We may not be wrong in deciding either that ace is low, or that it is high; but we can at least oppose to be wrong, for we know that it has been impossible of late years for the party decided against to take his case elsewhere on appeal, and there got two different decisions on the same point within a period of two months! We repeat that these card questions are not good betting points in 1875. Nothing is easier than to give a decision, but we prefer not to decide people losers except as to matters of fact. As to those there is no responsibility save in exercising care in ascertaining the facts; for the facts, and not ourselves, really determine the wagers. This bet should be drawn.

JOHN PANCOAST.—The greatest distance run by an ocean steamer in twenty-four hours, as far as our record goes, is 385 knots, actual steaming time, which, reduced to land miles, gives 443⅓ miles for the day's run. It was accomplished by the Liverpool, New York and Philadelphia S. S. Co.'s steamship City of Baltimore, P. McGuigan commander, Dec. 14, 1866, on the passage from New York to Liverpool, Eng. A strong gale, with heavy squalls, prevailed most of the time. 2. No reliable record of greatest distance made in a day by a sailing vessel. The schooner yacht Sappho, in her passage from this port to Queenstown, in 1868, made 313 miles in one day. 3. During the latter part of December. 4. Sayers must be adjudged to have been a better man than King, even after considerable allowance has been made for Heenan's illness, as Heenan was far from being as good a man when he fought the latter as he was at the time of his meeting with Sayers. Had he been fit to fight, there is no doubt that he would have finished King before the latter recovered from the effects of the blow which knocked him out of time in the seventeenth round. Mace also proved himself a better man than King, whom he defeated in 1 hour and 8 minutes, without receiving much punishment, Jan. 28, 1863; and in their second battle, Nov. 16, 1863, although carelessly laying himself open, with a view to delivering a finisher to an antagonist whose chances at the time were so small that offers of £100 to £25 on Mace found no takers. One crushing blow did the business for Mace, and though he and his backers afterwards offered King strong inducements to make a fresh match, he would not do it. The second battle occupied 1 hour and 8 minutes, Jem Mace, bowman of the Paris Crew of St. John, N. B., is 35 years of age. 6. He is entitled to two points only. 7. They are not considered swifter than American river steamers of the same grade.

F. F.—Under the head of "Fastest Recorded Time, Etc., up to Dec. 10, 1874," in CLIPPER ALMANAC, and Goldsmith Maid's 2:14 will be found at least twice, being with her 2:15½, and 2:16. Under date of June 27, 1872, will be found her 2:16¾, which was then, as stated, "unprecedented time," although it has since been frequently equaled, not only by her, but by other horses as well. 2. THE ALMANAC for 1875 closed on Dec. 10, 1874. Rudolphe's 161, as stated on p. 51, was then the second-best run on record at three-ball carom. Probably, we know not as to that billiard tournament and matches as a whole people, and you are at liberty to take our word for it that there was but one run that surpassed Rudolphe's at the time he made his best, and that was the highest run ever made in any tournament, that the run to which Rudolphe's as assigned second place in THE ALMANAC was not made by Vignaux, and that your statements are therefore as defective as your recollections of what has transpired at Tammany Hall. Vignaux's best run in a tournament at Tammany Hall, or in a tournament anywhere else, is not 197 (as you state in THE ALMANAC's correction), but 192. His run of 192, which is now the second-best on record, was not "made at the tournament at Tammany Hall before Rudolphe's run" (latter made Dec. 10, 1874), but on Dec. 30, 1874, in a match against Joseph Dion.

ENGLEWOOD.—1. The first question has already been answered. As to this and all other questions, how many players have (to quote your own language precisely) "averaged 50 or more at three-ball game in match, tournament, or in a practice game preparatory to match or tournament, 200, 300, 400, or 500 points?" 3. The "By whom?" was not in either case a part of the original statement, could not, therefore, have been an essential part of the alleged bet, and is more than we are able to make public at this precise juncture. It would always facilitate matters where statements as to wagers confined to the essence of the bets, instead of calling for an entire encyclopedia, been a mere "Yes" or "No," and this particular case would be settled at once, add to it the seven on board, and call "sevens," provided he himself has a seven in his hand. 3. No answers by mail.

BARREL PREBORNER, Peterborough.—As we know nothing whatever of you, how can we tell how long it will take you to learn anything? If you desire to enter the shorthand business in either of the lines you name, you had better apprentice yourself to some performer, and learn the business in a proper manner.

W. B., Bill Poole.—Bill Poole was fatally shot between 12 o'clock midnight and 1 o'clock A. M. Feb. 23, 1855, died March 8, and was buried March 11, the remains being interred in Greenwood Cemetery, Brooklyn. Will endeavor to procure the desired information, and reply next week.

B. M. C., Boston.—Goldsmith Maid, when she attempted to beat 2:14 on Point Breeze Park, Philadelphia, Nov. 6, last year, got no nearer than 2:18¾. We presume that is the occasion referred to.

P. St. C., Pittsburg.—No answers by mail. A letter addressed to him in care of the office will reach him; or call over our drawside and variety summaries for his whereabouts.

A. R., South Bend.—It would take time to decide this bet. All that we can say positively now is that General Grant was residing at Long Branch when he was first tendered the nomination for the Presidency.

OCCIDENTAL, Little Rock.—Yes. A failure to catch a foul ball, giving the batsman a life, does not prevent him scoring a base-hit afterwards, though the error counts as a life given in preventing earned runs.

C. M., Detroit.—Deuces will beat aces at poker-di e, not only according to our decision, but also according to the decision of everybody else. Instead of jumping at that hasty conclusion, that dice are cards, has played the game among his elders. A wise.

W. B. H., St. Louis.—It is poker law that two pairs and another card will beat three of a kind and one other card, and even three of a kind will beat aces without the fifth card. A's hand was four—he had to have five cards, neither more nor less.

F. J. M.—The race of Oct. 21 last, near Chalfont, Pa., between Aaron Pennington, Skylock and Nettie Norton, was one of four-mile heats, though the distancing of Pennington and Skylock rendered more than one heat unnecessary.

H. T., Providence, R. I.—1. The deal passes over, at the option of the non-dealer, in a case of misdeal at seven-up. 2. Both parties counting equally for "game," the non-dealer scores one point for it.

CONSTANT READER, Salem.—"A, B and C stand four and six apiece, respectively," is rather indefinite. If B was 6, he is out, and he is also out if he was but 4, and C but 4. Otherwise C wins. A better game been given out.

JASPER, Philadelphia.—B and D win the game. A's discovery that he had made a mistake came too late; for he might not have discovered it at all, had he or his partner held high or low "made jack."

OLD SLEDGE, Boston.—If he has "neither ace, face, nor trump," he cannot claim a "game" deal. All he can do is "beg," or "run" against his antagonist into "bunching" or "running" the cards.

W. H. S., Edgeville.—Grant's majority over Greeley in Iowa, at the Presidential election, was 80,030.

F. A. R., San Francisco.—1. The place of her interment was not reported. 2. The remains of Sir William Don were buried immediately in Hobart Town, Tasmania. 3. She is not an actress.

P. A. FISCONIAN, San Francisco.—1. Strictly speaking, they are not as considered. 2. They have changed so frequently in the past few years as to give a correct list. Cannot say if the party you name was one of them or not.

BIBB, Washington.—We do not know his immediate whereabouts. If performing, by reading THE CLIPPER attentively you will ascertain; or address a letter to him in care of this office.

WILLIAM, Boston.—1. About ten inches in diameter. 2. That would depend entirely upon your aptitude for learning. 3. From $25 a week upward, according to merit and reputation. 4. Very little, save for those of great skill.

J. G. R. R., West Philadelphia.—In a recent game at cribbage, the cards were played in the following order: 3, 6, 3, 7, 2, 4, 5 and 1. Is the player of the last card entitled to score 29 points?" Yes.

S. T. F., Creole.—1. "Don" can be reached by addressing him at *The Sun* office. 2. Do not know the other's address. 3. Almost any "cold deck" will do the tackling for your friend. 4. We think that she is not acting at present.

OCONNOR, Cleveland.—1. A. T. Stewart is married. 2. In 1855 THE CLIPPER was a four-page paper; it was made an eight-page paper in April, 1856, and enlarged to its present size April, 1873.

SINGLE SCULL, Norfolk.—1. Write to the manager of Wood's Museum, Philadelphia, Pa. 2. Address C. B. Elliott, Stephen Roberts, John Kyle, George Roahr and Thos. Pearon, in our care.

W. H. P., Jackson.—Thanks for items sent. We do not issue cards to correspondents who send sporting news, and we do not require a correspondent upon amusements in your city.

EDWARD HARRIGAN.—1. Consult one of the house-bills. 2. Arthur Chambers, 5ft. 3¾in., 120lb.; Mike Coburn, about 5ft. 8in., 120lb. 3. No. There is but one person known as "Seddons' Monse"—Steve O'Reilly.

H. "Sporting Jack."—1. He is performing in variety theatres. 2. The best time for 220 yards, by a pedestrian, is 19½sec., by George Seward, in England.

S. MCCLURE, Philad.—There is no such medal at this office. Rudolphe's run of 135 yards 1 foot 7½ inches, instead of 133 yards 6 inches, as you say.

BERKSWAY, Boston.—1. About 6lb each at first, and three times per week during training fatigue. 2. The average would be about eleven inches. 3. No.

M. L. B., Troy.—1. He never walked up a perpendicular rope, but up one at a high angle. He clutches the rope in his soles. 2. Yes.

W. H.—Edwin Booth has acted in "Richard III," playing the chief character for many years in all of the principal cities of this country.

H. W.—He has acted that character a great many times in all of the principal cities of this country. The sheet you refer to is worthless.

G. W. S., Baltimore.—"Formosa, or the Railroad to Ruin," was first produced at Drury-lane Theatre, London, Eng., Apr. 5, 1841.

F. M., Allegheny City.—The four sixes won. Aces are lowest at poker-dice.

SUBSCRIBER, Albany.—1. The fastest mile running time is 1:51½. 2. There is no record for Eclipse.

ROMEO RAFFERTY JENKINS.—Question too general. State a case.

DEAN.—Yes. Any member of the order will give you all necessary information.

F. O. W., Columbia.—Sands was performing with Howes & Cushing's Circus at Salem, Mass., in September, 1870.

IXION.—You need not take in the cards unless you have paired them yourself.

DECLINED.—"When Floating Down," 'Dot Big Straw Hat," "Nine Cauna."

GUS T. R., Brooklyn.—We thank you for the offer, but do not require anything in that line at present.

J. H. L., Philadelphia.—Daniel E. Sickles shot Philip Barton Key several times—all on Feb. 27, 1859, in Washington, D. C. A will pay.

J. P., Cheyenne.—The three aces win. In the vernacular of the cornfield, the three diamonds are not worth shucks, and would not beat even a pair of deuces.

CLARENCE, Philadelphia.—There are legal rules as to which it would be safest to consult a lawyer, whose emoluments it would be unprofessional in us to seek to lessen.

PUG, Phila.—The stand at Hoboken, Jacob Conrow, N. J., broke down May 26, 1845, when Fashion beat Peyona at four-mile heats.

W. F. H. AND J. B., Richings' Opera Troupe.—The statement you refer to appeared in our advertising columns, and the correction should be made through that medium.

GALVESTON, TEXAS.—It is so reported; but we have had no authentic information on the subject, and consequently could not answer your questions.

D. L. STAR.—"What is the full count of three 3's and a pair of 6's at cribbage?".....Eighteen. Ten by fifteens, a row for a pair, and a pair-royal.

S. E. W.—1. We know nothing of his responsibility. 2. The party you name is not, nor has he ever been, connected with The CLIPPER.

D. A. C., Dramatist.—1. Write it on foolscap paper, and sew the leaves together. 2. In no particular character. 3. She made her debut in Pittsburg, Pa.

WM. B., St. Albans.—There was no defined second or third in the New York tournament of 1874. Daly and Garnier were tied, and they divided the spoils.

MIKE, Elizabeth.—If drinks were had on both games, the loser of the third must pay for both; if on but one game, then he has to pay but for one.

W. M. Newburg.—Cannot give the population in 1849, but in 1850 it was estimated that New York had a population of 515,547.

F. E. W., Washington.—Pin and fifteen-ball pool both come under the head of billiards. But neither is what is regarded as regular billiards.

C. B. R., Boston.—We thank you; but it is too late now to use it.

L. B., Stockton.—The two throws of 44 take first and second prizes, and C the third.

A CONSTANT READER, Saco.—A and B take first and second prizes, and C the third.

F. F. W., Worcester.—We have never seen such a work.

H. H., Phila.—We have never heard of such a party.

FRED F., Newton.—It would be out of date to give it now.

A. C. M., Lockport.—J. R. was too hasty. Draw the bet.

W. M. G.—You are too young. Wait two or three years.

SPIDER.—"The Lantern jawed One" shall be exhibited.

DOC.—At rifle-dice, three sixes will beat anything else.

P. W. C., Worcester.—Do not clearly understand you.

J. F. WEAVER, Parker City.—There is no such record.

V. E. P., Allegheny.—A flush beats three of a kind.

C. T. M., St. Louis.—The jack counts for the dealer.

DICKIE, Columbus.—He is still at Wood's Museum.

DANIEL MCGRANE, Varick.—They are out of print.

CHESS.—Point out what you consider erroneous.

COOK.—He must cover eight feet at one jump.

T. H. E.—Hicks was hanged July 13, 1860.

G. S. HANCOURT.—It is too late.

SUB.—Yes, and will attend again.

KIT, Hamilton.—Yes.

A PEACE OFFERING.—Some generous soul says that the Devil is not so black as he is painted, and we might add that our sporting friends have much that is good in them, were the opportunity given to "show cause." "We are led to these remarks" after perusing the following brief epistle of a Corinthian in Cincinnati, who is said to hold the same position in that city that John Morrissey holds in this. It gives us much pleasure to place this little note before our readers, as it will have a tendency to disabuse the public mind of much that is said against the profession of those who tread "the cloth of green." We are ever ready to give publicity to questionable deeds of the brotherhood, but their good acts are covered up and hidden from the public gaze. Read

BOLLY'S LETTER.—The following is the text of Bolly Lewis' letter, accompanying his gift of the communion set to Rev. Henry D. Moore, at the Tabernacle in Cincinnati, O.:

CINCINNATI, O., Oct. 24, 1875.

REV. HENRY D. MOORE.—*Dear Sir:* You will please accept this beautiful communion set as an earnest offering to the Tabernacle and its pastor, whose cheerful teachings and harmonial philosophy have contributed so much to strengthen the ties that bind us together as citizens, friends and neighbors. Very respectfully, your humble servant, BOLLY LEWIS.

THE STRANGER instance of *pay rental* authority is that of the average avaricious landlord!

POLITICAL JEWELRY.—The *election earring.* The *election nearing* makes this joke timely.

A POLITICAL CANDID-MATE is that of John Morrissey for John Kelly.

CLOSE OF THE GAME.

Professional baseball for 1875 came to an end on Saturday, Oct. 30, and Boston is "it" once more. One by one the weary pilgrims are returning home, and hearts are sad and hearts are glad at their coming and their going. It has been an eventful year, insofar as it has given us some of the best games ever witnessed, and some of the worst; the latter, in some instances, being the result of collusion and an earnest effort to lose. Some clubs that set out with high hopes and expectations fell by the wayside; and did, by the way, side with friends who had lost money generously on the little game. Other some who had a sure thing of it, and couldn't lose, were "put in a hole" by their confreres, who had a sure thing of it—cash in hand for services rendered. There were others—and all the glory and all the honor be theirs for fair and manly play—who made an honest effort to uphold our "National Game," and to perpetuate it as a pastime for the people, for all time to come. It has been a battle for supremacy between the true and the false, with "the honors divided." But few clubs, as clubs, will be able to show any surplus for the season's play, no matter what individual members may be able to do. As the season advanced and progressed towards a close, and as suspicions of foul-play took possession of the public mind, interest in the game weakened; and, where thousands had witnessed contests in the early days of the season, hundreds could not be gathered in the closing weeks, and the campaign ended disastrously. Already, for the Centennial year, nines are being manufactured with alarming rapidity—paper nines principally—made thus early to be knocked out of joint by some scheming revolver or peripatetic freebooter, who looks upon a contract as made merely for his accommodation, and to be, by him, broken at will. But we shall have something to say upon this subject at another time, and in another department of this paper. For the present we have only to say that the game for 1875 is dead, and all that remains for us to do is, to use the language of Shakespeare, to "see the players well bestowed, for they are the abstract and brief chroniclers of the time" of our national game.

REQUIES BAT IN PACE.

Lay aside his baseball trousers—
In the closet put his ball—
Hang aloft his bat and shoeses—
He'll need them nevermore this Fall.
Gone to meet Chadwick.

A CLERICAL SHOULDER-HITTER.—J. Wheaton Smith, pastor of the Baptist Church, Broad and Spruce streets, Philadelphia, and one who knows whereof he speaks, his experience being world-wide, makes this remark concerning Moody the evangelist: "We need just such a strong, blunt man, like Mr. Moody, who *hits straight from the shoulder*, and talks in a plain, unpolished way."

THE MINES of the upper Mississippi are said to afford about 750,000 pigs annually, and those of Missouri about 150,000 pigs. On mentioning this to "Our Jim," who had just come from a lunch of pork-and-beans, the boy exclaimed in disgust that Cincinnati "raised more pigs than all of 'em put together."

"THE SPORTS" are on the rise. John Morrissey, ex-*pounder of the constitution*, is up for State Senator; while Henry Gilderaleeve, who is called a crack sharpshooter, is a candidate for Judge of the Court of General Sessions.

"YOU MUST TAKE a man as you find him" is an old saying; but policemen say that the trouble with them is to find the man they're after.

PRIZEFIGHTERS ought to weigh more after a fight than before, because they have such a number of pounds given them.

NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN.

☞ On Oct. 25: It was cabled that between the 11th and 22d inst. fifty-five persons lost their lives by shipwreck on the eastern coast of Scotland; that many of the survivors of the Battle of Baiakiavg celebrated the twenty-first anniversary of the battle.....The stand at Hoboken, Jacob Conrow, N. J., broke down May 26, 1845, when Fashion beat Peyona at four-mile heats.

W. F. H. AND J. B., Richings' Opera Troupe.—The statement you refer to appeared in our advertising columns, and the correction should be made through that medium.

GALVESTON, TEXAS.—It is so reported; but we have had no authentic information on the subject, and consequently could not answer your questions.

D. L. STAR.—"What is the full count of three 3's and a pair of 6's at cribbage?".....Eighteen. Ten by fifteens, a row for a pair, and a pair-royal.

S. E. W.—1. We know nothing of his responsibility. 2. The party you name is not, nor has he ever been, connected with The CLIPPER.

D. A. C., Dramatist.—1. Write it on foolscap paper, and sew the leaves together. 2. In no particular character. 3. She made her debut in Pittsburg, Pa.

WM. B., St. Albans.—There was no defined second or third in the New York tournament of 1874. Daly and Garnier were tied, and they divided the spoils.

MIKE, Elizabeth.—If drinks were had on both games, the loser of the third must pay for both; if on but one game, then he has to pay but for one.

W. M. Newburg.—Cannot give the population in 1849, but in 1850 it was estimated that New York had a population of 515,547.

F. E. W., Washington.—Pin and fifteen-ball pool both come under the head of billiards. But neither is what is regarded as regular billiards.

Sunday, 7.—Cabbage. A played a four, B an ace, A a six, B a tray, A a five, B a seven. A a four, and claims a run of 5 points. Is A right?".....Yes.

WILLIAM SPORT AND JACK.—1. He is performing in variety theatres. 2. The best time for 220 yards, by a pedestrian, is 19½sec., by George Seward, in England.

S. MCCLURE, Philad.—There is no such medal at this office. Rudolphe's run of 135 yards 1 foot 7½ inches, instead of 133 yards 6 inches, as you say.

BERKSWAY, Boston.—1. About 6lb each at first, and three times per week during fatigue. 2. The average would be about eleven inches. 3. No.

M. L. B., Troy.—1. He never walked up a perpendicular rope, but up one at a high angle. He clutches the rope in his soles. 2. Yes.

W. H.—Edwin Booth has acted in "Richard III," playing the chief character for many years in all of the principal cities of this country.

H. W.—He has acted that character a great many times in all of the principal cities of this country. The sheet you refer to is worthless.

G. W. S., Baltimore.—"Formosa, or the Railroad to Ruin," was first produced at Drury-lane Theatre, London, Eng., Apr. 5, 1841.

F. M., Allegheny City.—The four sixes won. Aces are lowest at poker-dice.

SUBSCRIBER, Albany.—1. The fastest mile running time is 1:51½. 2. There is no record for Eclipse.

ROMEO RAFFERTY JENKINS.—Question too general. State a case.

DEAN.—Yes. Any member of the order will give you all necessary information.

F. O. W., Columbia.—Sands was performing with Howes & Cushing's Circus at Salem, Mass., in September, 1870.

IXION.—You need not take in the cards unless you have paired them yourself.

DECLINED.—"When Floating Down," 'Dot Big Straw Hat," "Nine Cauna."

GUS T. R., Brooklyn.—We thank you for the offer, but do not require anything in that line at present.

J. H. L., Philadelphia.—Daniel E. Sickles shot Philip Barton Key several times—all on Feb. 27, 1859, in Washington, D. C. A will pay.

J. P., Cheyenne.—The three aces win. In the vernacular of the cornfield, the three diamonds are not worth shucks, and would not beat even a pair of deuces.

CLARENCE, Philadelphia.—There are legal rules as to which it would be safest to consult a lawyer, whose emoluments it would be unprofessional in us to seek to lessen.

PUG, Phila.—The stand at Hoboken, Jacob Conrow, N. J., broke down May 26, 1845, when Fashion beat Peyona at four-mile heats.

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Cerne was the favorite over the field, Donnybrook second choice, and General Harney third. Joe Cerne would doubtless have won the race but for the breaking of his surcingle. As it was, General Harney won the $100 for the first mile, and $200 for the race. The winner, in reality, belongs to President Grant, but Mr. Davis owns his running qualities. The mile-heat race, for a purse of $325, had five starters, and was won by Col. McDaniel's filly Madge, beating Burgoo (second) Jack Harkaway, B. F. Carver, and Mollie Darling in 1:52, 1:50. A purse for local-owned horses, ridden by owners and amateurs, was won by Skirmisher, beating Yellow Jacket and Snowball. The fourth and last race, two miles and a half, over fifteen hurdles, for a purse of $550, was won by Ayres & Sutcliffe's Diavolo, beating Busy Bee; time, 5:10.

The meeting was brought to a close on Friday, Oct. 29, after having lasted four days. It commenced on the last day with a two-mile dash, for a purse of $350, for all ages; the horse leading at the end of the first mile to take $100, the winner of the race $200, and second horse $50. Six horses started, and J. H. Davis' colt General Harney won, beating Burgoo (second), Donnybrook, Scout, Spriglet and Lutia H. Time, 3:41¼. Burgoo and Gen. Harney made a dead heat for the mile premium, and divided. The winner was the favorite over the field before the start. The second race was mile heats, for a purse of $350, for all ages; the second and third horses receiving $75 and $50, respectively, and the winner the remainder. Eight horses started, of which First Chance won the first heat in 1:49½, beating Jack Harkaway, Century, Jest, Jack Trigg, B. F. Carver, Nellie B. and Moses Primrose. The second heat was won by Jack Harkaway in 1:48½, and only he and First Chance started for the third and deciding heat, which the latter made no effort to win, and Jack Harkaway won it and the race in 1:59¾. The mile dash which followed was for local-owned horses, and was won by Skirmisher in 2:01. Yellow Jacket came in first, but was ridden foul. It was a fraudulent race throughout, and the judges declared all bets off. The fourth and final race was a dash of four miles, for a purse of $1,000; the winner of the first mile receiving $100, of the second mile $150, of the third mile $200, and of the race $400, second horse to receive $150. The starters were Nettie Norton—winner of the Bowie Stakes, four mile-heats, at Baltimore, the week before, when she distanced Aaron Pennington and Shylock—Ozark, Busy Bee, Galway, Caroline, Fairy Queen, and Gayo. Nettie Norton was the favorite; but Ozark, making the running throughout, led at the end of every mile, and won the race and entire purse in 7:40. Nettie Norton finished second. Ozark ran under a pull the entire distance, and is undoubtedly the best three-year-old in America over this distance.

RACING AT NEWMARKET, ENGLAND.

The Houghton meeting was held at Newmarket last week, and the summaries of the two important races then decided—the Criterion and the Cambridgeshire Stakes—are presented below, as transmitted per cable:

FIRST DAY, Oct. 25.—The Criterion Stakes of 30 sovereigns each, 20 forfeit, for two-year-olds; colts, 120 lbs; and fillies, 118 lbs; the winner of a 500 sovereigns sweepstakes, with ten subscribers, to carry 4 lb, of two which started for the second-best scores, and 7 lbs extra; winner of any other sweepstakes, value 200 sovereigns, not having less than ten subscribers, to carry 2lb extra; Criterion Course, 6 furlongs; 450 subscribers, 6 starters.

Lord Lascelle's Claronald, by Blair Athol, dam Isilla, 118lb.....1
J. H. Houldsworth's b. c. Springfield, by St. Albans, dam Viridis.....2
R. Goddard's (M. Dessigne's) b. f. La Tamise (late Emulation), by Doncaster, dam Chrysolinda, 113lb.....3
Betting: 12 to 1 against Claronald, 3 to 4 against Springfield, and 2 to 1 against La Tamise.

SECOND DAY, Oct. 26.—The Cambridge Stakes of £25 each, £10 forfeit, and only £5 if declared out on or before 12 M. of Sept. 14, with £300 added by the Jockey Club; the winner of the Middle Park Stakes, Leger, if handicapped below that weight, to carry, if a colt, 126lb; if a filly, 121lb; the winner of a handicap valued at £300 after Sept. 9, 10lb extra; of any other handicap, 5lb extra; these extra weights to be accumulative; the winner of the Cesarewitch, 14lb extra; closed with 199, of which seventy-nine paid £5 each; the second to receive £50 out of the stakes; Cambridgeshire Course, one mile and 240 yards straight; thirty-six starters.

Mr. Mannington's b. g. Sutton, four years old, by Saccharometer, dam Christmas Pie, 83lb.....1
T. V. Morgan's b. c. Lord Gowran, five years old, by Lord Clifden, dam by Merry Andrew out of Cordelia, 108lb. 2
G. Chetwynd's gr. c. The Gray Palmer, three years old, by The Palmer, dam Eller, 84lb.....3
Betting: 9 to 2 against Sutton, 25 to 1 against Lord Gowran, and 20 to 1 against The Gray Palmer.

RACING AT JEROME.

Though the weather was disagreeably cold, there was a fair attendance, including quite a number of ladies, at Jerome Park, Fordham, N. Y., on Monday, Nov. 1, when four races took place over a track which could have been greatly improved upon. The first event was a selling sweepstakes, $20 each, with $500 added, of which $125 to second, and had four starters. It was won by Leander, with Lizzie R. second, and the favorite, Egypt, third. Distance three-quarters of a mile; time, 1:21¾. A free handicap sweepstakes, $25 each, if not declared out, with $650 added, $150 to second, mile and a half, followed, with six starters, and resulted in the victory of Weatherby Miner second, and Shylock third. Time, 2:51¾. A selling sweepstakes, $20 each, with $500 added, $125 to second, mile and an eighth, was next, five starting. Mattie A. won, Survivor second, Vanderbilt third. Time, 2:02. The closing race was a free handicap sweepstakes, $20 each, if not declared out, $500 added, $125 to second, one mile, which had seven runners, it was carried off by Rhadamanthus, with Arcturus second, and Weatherby third. Time, 1:49¾.

RACE-HORSES FOR ENGLAND.—Mr. Ten Broeck's turf enterprise, undertaken in 1857, of testing the comparative merits, by actual running, of American and English bred race-horses, is about to be renewed by another American turfman. On Thursday last, Oct. 28, eight thoroughbred American horses, owned by Mr. M. H. Sanford of his city, were shipped from London on board the National Line steamship Holland, that gentleman contemplating a residence in England of some duration to carry out his turf enterprise. The horses comprise the famous Preakness, now eight years old, and as sound, strong and vigorous as the day he won the rich Dinner-party Stakes at Baltimore, when he made his debut on the turf as a three-year-old. His numerous brilliant racing performances since that time are familiar to our readers, his last public achievement being his memorable dead heat for the Saratoga Cup with Springbok, the past Summer. Mr. Sanford has not yet decided whether he will run the grand old horse in England or not. If he runs him, it will probably be in the Goodwood Cup, where he will meet the best horses on the English turf, but will also receive an allowance of 7lb in weight. The next horse is Mate, a remarkably fast horse and a weight-carrier; Bay Final, three years old, and full brother to Preakness; Bay Eagle, a grand-looking two-year-old, by Baywood out of Earring; Bald Eagle, a yearling brother to Bay Eagle, engaged in the Derby and St. Leger of 1877; Brown Prince, a magnificent yearling colt, by Lexington out of Britannia IV, also engaged in the Derby and St. Leger of 1877, and two yearling fillies, constitute the string. One of the fillies is Donna, by Baywood out of Dot, and the other is by imp. Glenelg out of Stamps by Lexington, and is engaged in the Oaks of 1877. The lot go out in charge of Mr. Charles Littlefield, who for some years past has been trainer for Mr. Sanford, and who also trained for Mr. Ten Broeck in England when he first went over.

THE CALIFORNIA FOUR-MILE-HEAT RACE.—The entries for the $30,000 purse in gold coin for the great four-mile-heat race, to be run at San Francisco on the 13th of this month (November), closed with the following: Springbok, Katie Pease, Grinstead, Rutherford, Wildidle, Revenue Jr., Chance, Fanny Ha l and Hock Hocking. This will bring out a large field of runners, and the race will be sure to create intense excitement in turf circles.

TRIGGER.

RHODE ISLAND RIFLE ASSOCIATION.

The first annual prize meeting of the above Association was held at their grounds, at Greenwood, about seven miles from Providence, and known as the What Cheer Range, last week, commencing on the 25th and terminating on the 28th ult. The weather throughout was quite cold, and the scores attended were but a hundred, which is very encouraging for an initial meeting. The first contest was a short-range match, 150 and 200 yards, any rifle, seven rounds at each range; highest possible score, 70; twenty-nine contests among them being Messrs. Canfield and Yale of the American team. Leading scores: E. Thomas, 59; G. W. Barry, 58; G. A. Forsyth, 56; A. V. Canfield Jr., 55; T. J. Rabbeth, 54; James F. Williams J. N. Crowell, J. W. Hayward, and F. Coperthwaite, 53 each: G. W. Yale, 52. The Rhode Island military match followed: teams of eight, 200 and 300 yards, standing, any rifle, seven rounds at each range; highest possible score, 560; four matches. Scores: Slocum Guards, 330; Prescott Post, G. A. R., 316; First Light Infantry, 301; Fifth Battalion, R. I. Guards, 181. Individual scores: J. E. Bent, 49 out of 70; F. H. Bent, 47; R. T. Collins and J. M. Jourdan, 46 each; O. S. Gifford and G. A. Forsyth, 45.

The next match that the American team were to take part in the only match arranged for the second day—the long-range match, open to teams of six from any part of the States—brought about eight hundred people to the grounds. The conditions of the match were 600, 800 and 1,000 yards, seven rounds at each, any rifle and any position; prizes aggregating $870; three entries. Scores: American team (embracing five of those who went to Ireland), G. W. Yale, Henry Fulton, R. C. Coleman, L. C. Bruce, A. V. Canfield Jr., W. B. Farwell—430; possible score, 630. New England team—T. Hyde, H. Fennell, E. L. Freeman, F. H. Gray, R. S. Gray, H. P. Blake—409. Rhode Island team—C. H. Perkins, John Howe, T. J. Rabbeth, E. Thomas, D. A. Keyes, T. M. Jordan —363. Individual scores: T. H. Gray, 92; W. B. Farwell, 85; H. S. Jewell, 83. The chief team-prize was a silver ice pitcher and goblets valued at $300, presented by H. T. Brown & Co. of Providence; second, long-range breedmoor rifle, value $150, given to the N. E. team for best individual score. T. H. Gray received a $150 gold watch for highest aggregate score, and a champion badge for 27 at 1,000 yards; W. B. Farwell a $125 rifle for second-best score; R. Murphy for 32 at 600 yards, and a $20 rifle-ammunition satchel for ten consecutive bull's eyes; H. S. Jewell a $50 field-glass for third-best score, and a $50 breach-loading gun for 35 at 800 yards; and Henry Fulton a Colt's revolver, worth $15, for three successive centres.

The above match was not completed, owing to darkness, until the 27th, and was followed on the latter date by an individual long-range match, open to all, 800 and 1,000 yards, ten shots at each score; highest possible score, 100. Best scores: H. S. Jewell, 77; W. B. Farwell, 75; G. W. Yale, 66; T. H. Gray, 66; H. P. Blake, 57; A. V. Canfield Jr., 55; F. Hyde, 50. A New England match for teams of eight, 300 and 600 yards for prizes valued at $534, was then commenced, with four entries. Darkness caused a postponement of the latter part of the match until the 28th, when the following result was arrived at: Prescott Post, G. A. R., 233, out of a possible 280; First Light Infantry, 223; Wesson, 133; First Light Infantry Amateurs, 87. Highest individual scores: George R. Taylor, 37 out of a possible 70; T. M. Jordan, 39; N. Washburn 38. It was succeeded by a consolation match, 200 yards, in which the best scores were E. E. Rice, 21 out of a possible 35; S. L. Sweet, 19; E. H. Brower, 17. The meeting closed with an improvised match at 800 yards, which terminated thus: F. M. Jordan, 19 out of a possible 25; G. H. Clark, 16; J. A. Monroe and A. L. Sweet, 13 each.

CAPT. BOGARDUS exhibited his skill at Decatur, Ill., Oct. 21, shooting at twenty double pigeons, from traps placed 120 feet apart, he standing mid-way between them. Bogardus brought down thirty-nine out of the forty, missing one of the tenth pair.

THE SPORTING RIFLE offered for competition by members of the Yonkers (N. Y.) Rifle Association was won Oct. 18 by Henry Quinn, with a score of 65 out of a possible 100, at 200 and 300yds., and again on the 20th ult., scoring 76. He defeated eight competitors upon each occasion.

THE NEVADA BADGE.

This elegant trophy, presented by the Nevada State National Guard for competition by the National Guard of New York, was contested for Oct. 28, Companies I and H, Seventh Regiment, Co. G, Forty-seventh, and Co. A, Twenty-third, shooting at Creedmoor, L. I., and Co. G, Forth-eighth, at Oswego. The badge was manufactured in Virginia City, Nevada, of gold, silver and platina obtained from the State mines, is seven inches long by four wide, and is valued at nearly $1,000; design, a combination of the arms of the two States. The conditions governing the competition are: Open to companies of the National Guard, State of New York; not less than forty-six members in each company to shoot, and as many above that number as the co mmander may see fit to bring into the field; no competitor to shoot who is not an active member of the competing company; distances, 200 and 500 yards; five scoring and two sighting shots at each range; position, standing at 200, and any, without artificial rest, at 500 yards; weapons, the regulation arm used by the State National Guard; the winning company to hold the badge for one year; the records of the shooting to be made public through the press; the company making the best average shooting to be the winner. One of the companies—A, Twenty-third—had but forty-one men, the others presenting forty-six each. The scores follow, with the exception of that of the Oswego company, which has not been received, although it is known to be one of the winners, with an average of 28 points per man in a possible 50:

Co.	Regiment.	Total.	Men.	Av'ge per man.
I.	Seventh	866	46	18 38-46
H.	Seventh	839	46	18 2-46
G.	Forty-seventh	718	46	15 28-46
A	Twenty-third	684	41	16 8 41

The highest individual scores in each company were as follows:

	Company.	Regiment.	Score.
Sergeant Le Boutillier	H	7th	41
Private G. A. Coffin	A	23d	34
Private A. Dominick	I	7th	36
Private S. E. Condon	G	47th	36

THE TENNESSEE SPORTSMEN'S ASSOCIATION held their second annual meeting at Hernando Park, Memphis, Tenn., commencing Monday, Oct. 25. A report of the proceedings, with a list of prize winners, will appear in our issue of next week.

PEDESTRIANISM.

FIFTY MILES' WALKING MATCH—BEST TIME ON RECORD.

Our foreign exchanges bring us an account of another of those remarkable performances which have rendered the year 1875 memorable in the annals of sporting events. This latest addition to the list is a walking-match of fifty miles, for £20 a side, between A. Clarke, Esq., of Hackney and W. Horsager, of Cambridge, men comparatively unknown, which took place at the Star Grounds, Fulham, London, Eng., on Monday, Oct. 11, and terminated in the success of the first-named, who accomplished the quickest time on record for the distance. We clip the subjoined report from *Bell's Life*, representatives of which journal were respectively referee and timekeeper:

The men required more than one attendant, and Clark was indebted to the services of H. Brown (his trainer, and with whom he walked his first match), the veteran Duke of Bethnal Green, Foster, and J. Woolgar; while J. Redfern, H. Wells, Sam Agers, and Delica relieved each other in attendance at Horsnger. There were only a few spectators present when the men made their appearance, at 10 minutes to 8 A. M., the weather being very chilly and threatening. T. Griffith, the referee, quickly dispatched them on their journey, Clark taking the lead at once, and going apparently as if he was going to do a mile instead of fifty. To complete the distance the ground had to be traversed 27 times and 73 yards, so that they commenced 73 yards behind the winning-post, on passing which for the first time, Clark was five or six yards in advance, and, continuing to gain steadily, lapped Horsnger shortly after they had completed 11 circuits of the course, the latter's little Hornage, however, did not seem to regard this; but kept on at an even pace, and in the twenty seventh Clark came more overlook him, making two laps to his credit. Continuing to put on the steam occasionally, Clark went by Hornage a third time when rather more than 14 miles had been walked, and repeated it in the seventeenth mile. While 18 miles were being walked the sky became overcast, and a tremendous hailstorm and cutting wind was encountered by the men, whose attendants made ineffectual attempts to shelter them with umbrellas. Luckily, it did not last long, and the sun afterwards made matters look more cheerful for the pedestrians. Clark completed his 20 miles in 3h. 30min. 47sec., and continued to pile up more away, while the latter stopped a lap before his twentieth mile, and was benefited by a good rub-down and some refreshment. When he came out again Clark was eight laps and a half ahead of Horsnger (37½ laps), and in the twenty-third mile he put on a rare spurt, caught Hornage for the ninth time, and dropped behind him, falling into the same pace. In the twenty-fourth mile, as Hornage stopped for a drink, Clark went ahead, but did not seem inclined to push his advantage further, and the 30 miles were scored by him at 4h. 29min. 27 sec. Just after completing the twenty-sixth mile Clark stopped for the first time for a refresher, which allowed Hornage to reduce the gap by two laps and 80 yards; but the former popped it on, and soon came up and took his position in the rear. Hornage's 25 miles were completed in 4h. 47min. 28sec., and Clark was then stationed a yard and a half in his rear, but seven laps to the good. Holding these positions the leader walked his 30 miles in 5h. 26min. 32sec., his opponent being credited with 5h. 45min. 26sec. No alteration of moment took place in the next five miles, which made Clark's time 6h. 24min. 28sec., and Hornage a 6h. 41min. 18sec. The former then pulled up for 85sec., which allowed Hornage to decrease the lead by best part of a revolution, and 40 miles were timed at 7h. 23min. 42sec. for Clark, and 7h. 39min. 50sec. for Hornage. The latter's party evidently relied on his staying power, as he looked more robust, though his pace was no so fast; but Clark, though pale, was more fit than was imagined, and seemed as fresh at the commencement. Both persevered, however, encouraged by their supporters, though the friends of Hornage were getting quite so noisy in their demonstrations, as it was palpable that he was feeling the effects of the journey, while Clark seemed confident, and smiled when told to "go ahead and do the fastest 50." Forty-five miles were covered by him in 8h. 26m. 33sec., and Hornage was evidently in trouble, his rate of progression being about 2m. 45sec. a lap; but he struggle l on till he had a trifle over two miles and a half to go, when, seeing Clark hopelessly ahead, he gave up. The winner's time for 49 miles was 9h. 12m. 12sec., and the last mile was done with ease in 13m. 45sec., making *nine hours twenty-four minutes sixteen and a half seconds* for the whole distance, adding another to the list of fast times. As the miles finished at different points of ground, the men were only clocked at each five from the twentieth, by J. Vandy, with centre-second watch. The progress can be gathered by comparing the following tab:

Miles.	Clark.		Miles.	Hornage.	
20.....	3h.	30m. 47s.	20.....	3h.	48m. 47s.
25.....	4	24 57	25.....	4	47 28
30.....	5	26 32	30.....	5	43 26
35.....	6	24 28	35.....	6	41 18
40.....	7	23 42	40.....	7	38 50
45.....	8	26 33	45.....	8	42 41
50.....	9	24 16½			

The time for forty-five miles is likewise the best recorded. The best previous fifty-mile time was 9.28.00, by the late J. Townsend of Lewes, Eng., Sept. 9, 1836. James Redfern, aged 43, also walked the distance in 9.34.03, at the Prince of Wales' Grounds, Bow, London, June 26, 1871.

DEATH OF JACK HOWARD, THE GREAT JUMPER.

John Howard, who was one of the greatest pedestrians and athletes of his day, died under melancholy circumstances at Bradford, Eng., Thursday morning, Oct. 14. Howard was a native of Bradford, where he was born about the year 1824. In early life he followed one of the industrial occupations of that town; but, being fond of "good old English sports," he early turned his attention to pursuits of that character. As a long-distance jumper he was once champion, and it is said that the first notoriety he gained in this line arose from the fact that, on one occasion, in a poaching expedition, he cleared a clean pair of heels, and bounded over hedge and ditch in a surprising manner. This circumstance introduced him to the world as a runner, and ultimately his prowess and fame were the theme of the sporting section of the English public. One of his greatest feats—indeed the greatest ever performed—was his famous leap of 29ft. 7in. from a block of wood two feet in length, wedge shaped, and raised four inches in front, which was done on Chester Race-course. He also cleared 27 ft. across a stream in Denmark, and leaped over a bullock's back (the ox being 5ft. 9in. for which a wager for a considerable sum of money. His death was melancholy in the extreme. His wife and family resided in Bradford, where he had once been a licensed victualler, and lately he had followed the vocation of a billiard-marker, and was engaged to be located in the North of England. On Wednesday night he was in Bradford alone, and lodged at a common lodging-house. On Thursday morning, about 7 o'clock, he entered the Dublin Hotel and called for a pint of beer; but, before he had time to pay for it, he was grumble, and, being asked if anything was amiss, he returned no answer. He fell up against the landlord, and both fell to the floor, and when the landlord recovered himself he found that Howard was dead. His body was removed to the workhouse, and, his clothes being searched, it was found that he had over 20s. in his pockets, besides some tickets for admission into Prince Arthur Running Grounds, at Middlesbro', for his own benefit. The same night an inquest was held on the body by Mr. Taylor, one of the coroners for the county of Yorkshire, and the jury found that the deceased died suddenly from natural causes. It was stated at the inquest that it was not known that Howard was in the vicinity of Bradford, and that the officer from the workhouse, who had laid out the body, said that the deceased was well nourished, but his legs below the knees were diseased.

MESLER DEFEATS WHEAT.

The second match-race between James Mesler of Trenton, N. J., and James Wheat of Pittsburg, Pa., for $1,000 a side and the championship, was decided on Monday, Oct. 25, upwards of two thousand persons paying admission to the grounds. Mesler is 23 years of age, 5 feet 9 inches in height, and weighs 128lb. He has been before the public three years, engaging with varying success in matches and handicaps in the East. Wheat is a native of Pittsburg, is 25 feet 8 inches, and weighs 150lb. He began his career as a professional runner in 1874, and has engaged in a number of races, his most notable victories being achieved over Tom Landy, at 200 yards, Hen Crandall, at 175 yards, and his late opponent, at 135 yards. Mesler's friends were as dissatisfied as himself with the result of the race Sept. 13, and, knowing that he could do the distance in less than 13½ sec., in which time he was then beaten, they sought another match, and found no trouble in arranging it, as Wheat's friends were only too glad of a chance to put up on him again, though his best distance is anywhere from 160 to 200 yards, at which latter he is thought to be without a rival. Both men appeared on their marks in prime condition, Mesler showing up better than on the previous occasion, and the reports that prevailed previous to quick trials run by him had their effect in making him the favorite at about $100 to $45, a deal of money being invested on the race. They were sent away by pistol-report, bounding off together; but a few strides carried the Jerseyman to the van, and, though the dark 'un made tremendous exertions to overcome the slight advantage gained, the distance was too short for him, Mesler breasting the tape the winner by less than two feet. The time, 13sec., shows that each man strove to win.

CHAMPION FOOT-RACE.

The four-mile match, for £50 and the champion belt, between George Hazael of London, Eng., and James McLeavy of Alexandria, Scotland, was decided at the Springfield Grounds, Glasgow, Oct. 2, and is thus reported in *The Sporting Life*:

Each had for several weeks been training steadily and their trials proved in every way satisfactory to their respective friends; but McLeavy, we are told, had recently received a severe interference with his work of preparation. The weather was scarcely so satisfactory as might have been wished, rain having fallen for a couple of days previously, while Saturday was far from being fine. The men were timed prior to the hour fixed for the race the vicinity of the grounds presented a more than usually animated appearance, and thousands assembled in front of the enclosure, which were charged quite handsome sums for the seats made upon them. The number of spectators was something immense, and could not have been under thirty thousand. At the outset, betting was not very brisk, but, if anything, Hazael had the call. Shortly after five the men appeared on the course, and after a short preliminary canter toed the scratch. On Gibbons firing the pistol, both went away at a moderate pace, McLeavy on the inside a shade in front. At the end of the first mile they were still shoulder to shoulder, but at the mile and a half Hazael had just the lead. This advantage he increased, and at two miles was leading by about forty yards. During the next round McLeavy slightly lessened the g p, but at two miles and a half Hazael got away again, and led by fifty yards. McLeavy running anything but freely, a limp with the right leg being noticeable. When the three miles had been covered, Hazael had a long lead, which he went on increasing, and at three miles and a half the race was decided, as McLeavy gave up. Hazael continued his course, and finished the four miles alone at his leisure. Considerable disappointment was felt at McLeavy's performance; but there can be no doubt he did his best under the circumstances, and he will, in all probability, try to retrieve his laurels when in better form. Jem Beck attended to Hazael, while Jamie Marr acted in a similar capacity for McLeavy.

PROFESSIONAL PEDESTRIAN TOURNEY.

The international pedestrian meeting, previously alluded to in these columns, was inaugurated at the New York Athletic Club, Mott Haven, N. Y., on Friday afternoon, Oct. 29, under favorable auspices, the weather being fine, the track in good order, and spectators quite large. The first event was a dash of one hundred yards in heats, for which there were six starters. Heat 1: Abraham Welsher, Newark, N. J., 1; Lawrence Martin, New York, 2. Welsher led from the start, and won by about four feet. Time, 10 2-3. Heat 2: George R. Livingston, West Farms, N. Y., 1; Thomas Prior, Pawtucket, R. I., 2. As in the case of Welsher in the preceding heat, Livingston went away from his antagonist immediately the word was given, and breasted the tape a couple of feet to the good. Time, 10 2-5 sec. Heat 3: John Allinson, Paterson, N. J., 1; Jas. Frost, Port Chester, N. Y., 2. Allinson had no trouble in winning by ten yards. Time, 11 2-5sec. Final heat: George R. Livingston, 1; John Allinson, 2; Abraham Welsher, ?. After numerous false starts, in one of which Allin on and Welsher ran through, under the impression that they were on the same pace. In the next start, however, Livingston having been put back a yard each for going over their marks—and after a close a rough is all the way, Livingston won by about four inches, Allinson leading Welsher by three feet.

The only other contest of the day was a five-mile run, for which the following well-known men competed: Kennyowne (Indian), Montreal, Canada; Patrick Fitzgerald, John Connelly and John Coney, New York; John Maloney, Fall River, Mass.; Edward Wilson, Cross Point, N. S.; Pierre Daulebont and Harry Hy were also entered, but withdrew. The first mile was run in 5:43, and finished with Maloney in front, Daillebont next, Fitzgerald third, Connolly fourth, Coney fifth, and Wilson in the rear. The Indian and Fitzgerald ("Johnny Wild") bade good-bye to the others era the next mile was run, Daillebont leading at the close, while Connolly had advanced to third position, and Maloney had fallen back to fourth place. On the first lap of the third mile Maloney and Wilson dropped out, and on the third circuit Coney followed suit, which Connolly might as well have done, as far as winning the race was concerned, as he was forty yards in advance of the rear of the field. The Indian and Fitzgerald (as well as their awkward runner a couple of yards ahead of Fitzgerald. The latter ran pluckily and well throughout; but it was patent that the Indian had the race in hand, and, running well within himself, he finished the five miles an easy winner by ten yards. Time, 29:01: first mile, 5:43; second, 5:56; third, 5:41; fourth, 6:00; fifth, 5:41. The events intervening between the following day—a three-mile walk and one-mile run—were postponed, on account of rain, until this (Tuesday) afternoon, Nov. 2, when, should the weather prove favorable, a large crowd is expected, as first-class men are entered for both of these contests, and the meeting between Ed. Mullen, John Eddy and Ed. Wirzell is regarded as especially interesting. Starter, W. P. Wallis; judges, Messrs. Hoey, Barnes and Sprague, N. Y. A. C.; timer, C. H. Pierce, N. Y. A. C.; referee, James Watson. The 2.30 P. M. train from the Grand Central Depot will carry spectators to the grounds in season to witness the racing.

THE NEW JERSEY ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION are to hold their Fall games at Ridgewood, N. J., to-day (Tuesday) Nov. 2. The eight events on the programme are as follows: 100-yards run, handicap, open, in heats, five entries; one-mile walk, handicap, open, ten entries; boys' race, 440 yards, handicap, four entries; half-mile run, handicap, open, eleven entries; throwing baseball; hurdle-race, about 440 yards, handicap, open, four entries; quarter-mile run, handicap, four entries. The 10 and 10.45 trains on the Erie Railway will convey those desiring to attend to the grounds in good season.

THE BOWDOIN COLLEGE ATHLETES engaged in a series of pedestrian contests at the fair grounds, Topsham, Me., Oct. 20. Marrow won the half-mile and two-mile walks in 4:30 and 11:15, respectively; Knight threw a baseball 284 feet; Alden won the 100 yards run and hurdle race in 11sec. and 18sec., respectively; Cobb took the half-mile run in 2:19; and Simpson was first past the tape in the two-mile run, made in 11:19.

AN OPEN HANDICAP, 130 yards, will be run at the Centennial Baseball Grounds, Ridge avenue and Twenty-fourth street, Philadelphia, Pa., on Saturday, Nov. 20, for prizes of $70, $30, and $10, offered by James Ledger of the Eagle Hotel, Manayunk; entrance, $1.50, and no acceptance. For additional particulars see announcement among our sporting advertisers.

FRED HARMON AND GEORGE WELLS ran 125 yards, for $500, at St. Stephen, N. B., Oct. 30, when the former, who was the favorite at long odds, added another to his list of brilliant victories, beating Wells 25 feet in the 125 yards, in 13 seconds. There was heavy betting on the issue, as the friends of the New Englander had great faith in him.

THERE IS A LETTER in our care for Chas. L. Jones.

AQUATICS.

THE OCEAN YACHT RACE. Dauntless vs. Mohawk.

The ocean race between Commodore Bennett's Dauntless and Vice-commodore Garner's Mohawk, twenty miles to windward from the Sandy Hook lightship and return, for a cup of the value of $1,000, to be sailed without time allowance, was the yachting event in this vicinity on Tuesday, Oct. 26. The match resulted from a challenge issued by Mr. Garner to sail his centre-board boat against any other schooner, over the above course; and, when it was accepted by the owner of the Dauntless, the fact that two of the foremost representatives of the two classes of schooners were to test their relative sailing qualities in at least an eight-knot breeze, caused the contest to awake the interest of our yachtsmen to an extent greater than is usual. The weather on the day set for the trial was exactly to the liking of those interested, a cloud-covered sky, red to windward at early morn, indicating an abundance of wind with which to put to the test the seagoing qualities of the vessels, and the seamanship of those who owned and sailed them. There were the participants disappointed; for, when the signal to start was given, at 11.37 A. M., the breeze, which came steadily from east-southeast was sufficiently strong to send the racers along at a clipping pace, and there was no occasion for a heavier sea than was running, and in which the Dauntless lay down to her soppers, while her opponent stood stiffly up. The Mohawk crossed the line ever a minute after the Dauntless; but on her first tack she worked to windward of the latter, and, continuing to gain, she went around the buoy thrown from the steamer Cyclops at 4.05:32, nearly four minutes ahead of her. Instead of once more standing off before the wind, the hawk passed to windward of the Dauntless, and kept off across her stern. Notwithstanding this manœuvre, however, Garner's yacht was well ahead of her rival before the latter was fairly on her way home. Both yachts had their lighter canvas added to the working sails, under which they had previously raced, and they rushed with augmented speed through the seas, which drenched the sheets with spray and wet to the cuticle those on board. So great was the speed of the yachts that, though the accompanying steamer was making fully eleven knots an hour, she was dropped farther and farther behind. In the gathering darkness, the sailing masters were at a loss as to their bearings, and each shaped a different course, the Mohawk holding more to the northward and the two becoming widely separated. At 5:55 the lights on the ship were sighted ahead from the Cyclops, which had followed after the Mohawk. It was discovered that both yachts had run by the ship, and the signal agreed upon in such event was given by the Cyclops, which was immediately headed in the direction of the lights, about three miles distant on the port beam, bearing southwest. The Dauntless, which was much nearer to the ship, immediately altered her course, and pointed in the proper direction; but the signal was either not heard on board the Mohawk, or her sailing-master considered that she was too far off to have a fair chance of winning, for she kept right on up the bay to her anchorage off Staten Island. The Dauntless passed between the steamer and the lightship, to the northward and eastward, close aboard, as required by the terms of the agreement, at 6.25:37, thus winning the race, though her opponent headed her from shortly after the start. It is due to the Dauntless to say, however, that she gained considerably on the Mohawk during the latter part of the home-run, and this notwithstanding that she was in difficulties through the breaking of her foregaff and the splitting of her fore-topsail. There was general regret that a brilliant race was not determined so unsatisfactorily; and, as the owners of the competing craft participate in this feeling, another match will probably be made, in order to decide a question which still agitates the yachting mind.

TO CAPE MAY AND RETURN. Dauntless vs. Resolute.

The ocean race between Mr. Bennett's schooner-yacht Dauntless and Mr. Hatch's Resolute, from Stapleton, S. I., to and around the Cape May, N. J., lightship, a distance of 225 miles, was sailed on Thursday, Oct. 28. By the regulations governing the race, topsails and club-topsails were prohibited, and when they started each vessel carried a forestaysail, jib, and flying-jib, in addition to fore and aft mainsail and maintopsail; the Resolute also setting her foretopsail. Finding that she had been underballasted in her race with the Mohawk on the day previously, the owner of the Dauntless caused three or four tons of pig-iron to be placed in her, of which action he advised Mr. Hatch, and gave him time to take it out again if he better desired it; but the Resolute's owner generously concented that the opposing vessel should reap whatever advantage might be derived from the extra ballast. The time of each yacht was taken by the judge on board—Leonard Jerome acting for Mr. Hatch on the Resolute, while he himself was judge for Mr. Bennett on the Resolute—and the vessels were required to pass, on their return, to the northward and eastward of the Sandy Hook lightship, time to be taken when the latter bore due west. Besides the regular captains, experienced pilots were on each boat, Sam Greenwood and Captain Coffin sailing the Resolute, while Dick Brown and Captain Beebe were on board the Dauntless. The Dauntless crossed the imaginary line at the start at 5 27:22, the Resolute following at 5.36:39, the former thus leading off with an advantage of over nine minutes, and when off Sandy Hook the Resolute was about a mile and a half behind. The wind was fresh from the westward, on the beam of the racers, and so it remained until some time after rounding the Five-fathom lightship, when it shifted more to the northward. The Dauntless ran out of sight of her rival long before the race was half sailed, and was not again seen from the deck of the Resolute until noon of the next day, when she was made out, ten miles to the northward and eastward, working up to the finishing point. The case being hopeless, Mr. Hatch decided to run direct to the anchorage, and accordingly the signal was made that the Resolute was altered in the direction of Sandy Hook, leaving the Dauntless to finish alone. The distance was accomplished by her in about eighteen hours and a half. The best previously recorded time by a yacht from this port to the Cape May lightship and return was that of the Dreadnaught in her race with the Palmer, from Sandy Hook, viz., 25h. 5m. 40sec., in October, 1872.

POTOMAC VS. ANALOSTAN.—The three-mile straight-away match between these rowing clubs, respectively of Georgetown and Washington, D. C., for the four-oared championship of the Potomac River, was decided on Monday afternoon, Oct. 25. The competing crews were: Potomac—Truax (bow), Randall, McBlair, Coughlin (stroke). Analostan—Brown (bow), Burns, Cumberland, Prescott (stroke). The crowd in attendance was estimated at about ten thousand, and they were kept waiting more than an hour after the advertised time, four o'clock, before a start was made—a by no means unusual circumstance—which caused a good deal of grumbling among the impatient throng. Shortly after the starting, and when the boats were nearly abreast a foul occurred, through the endeavor of the Analostans to avoid an obstruction in their true course, and the referee ordered a fresh start. The Analostans were first to get off this time, going away at high pressure, which they were unable to maintain, and a quarter of a mile saw them dropping behind the Potomacs, who continued to gain until the close of the contest, winning by nearly a minute. Time—Potomac, 18:33; Analostan, 19:21. Referee, Lindsay Watson, Nassau Club of New York.

PARKES AND KING were too much for Hagiston and Sullivan in a Whitehall boat-race at Springfield, Mass., Oct. 23; distance, three miles, turn; won by over two hundred yards in 21:48

NASSAU vs. ANALOSTAN.

The four-oared race, in shells, three miles, straightaway, between the Nassau Club of New York and the Analostan Club of Washington, D. C., attracted thousands of persons to the banks of the Potomac River on Thursday, Oct. 28. Pleasant weather and fairly good water favored the oarsmen; but the time in which the race was pulled was very poor, though it would have been bettered considerably had there been power enough in the Analostan boat to push the visitors. The opposing crews were:

NASSAU.—Robert Reynolds (bow), Lindsey Watson, G. T. Floyd Jones, John Gunster (stroke).

ANALOSTAN.—C. A. Brown (bow), S. Burns, E. Cumberland, O. L. Prescott (stroke).

The course was from Table Rock, about two miles from Georgetown, down stream to a stakeboat anchored off Easby's Wharf, Washington. They were started by report of pistol, the New Yorkers at once jumping a half length ahead, but the Analostans drawing up even in a few strokes. It was evident that the Nassans were the superior crew, and capable of pulling away from their antagonists; but, feeling satisfied upon this point, they, to give the appearance of a close race, were content to merely hold the local four until nigh two-thirds of the distance had been covered, when Gunster called upon his men, and they left the Analostans as though the latter were lying on their oars, opening a gap of about eight lengths, and effectually blasting the hopes of the Washingtonians. They afterwards allowed their opponents to cut down the gap considerably, but crossed the line six seconds ahead, having an easy victory in 20:52.

PRINCETON STUDENTS AT THE OAR.

The "bumping" races in vogue with the oarsmen of Oxford and Cambridge Universities on the Isis and Cam, Eng., were introduced in this country last week by

"ARLINGTON'S TRUNK."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY FRANK DUMONT.

It happened many years ago,
In a traveling minstrel band—
There was a "banjo-player" then,
Now well known in our land;
He owned a trunk of smallest size,
In which his things to pack,
So light and diminutive
He could hang it on a tack.
It was the subject of our jokes,
And one I'll now relate—
It happened in the Summer time
Out in Ohio State.
Among the baggage, a certain wag
Espied that trunk one day;
And, calling the negro porter up,
In commanding tones did say:
"Take this box of strawberries,
And, to keep them cool and nice,
Just open the refrigerator
And place it on the ice."
The darky placed it there with care,
The "boys" all ripe for fun,
And very soon Bill Arlington
Came in from d st and run.
He wished to don a "Prince Albert" shirt—
He's standard round with a righ,
And a many the baggage smasht that trunk,
While a tear stood in each eye.
Each fellow swore all night he
Rode in the porter's care,
For every room was searched in vain,
While Bill did rave and swear.
"My box of collars, shirt, and comb—
That precious trunk is lost—
Dead loss, it is a family gift,
And its price is not of all cost."
The darky came in time to hear
Bill swear he'd search the "States."
The darky's eyes expanded as he said,
As large as two soup-plates.
"Boss! I man gib me a cigar-box
Full of berries, keep dem cool—
It's a de-lov-lest ever here."
Bill muttered "What a fool!"
He raised the lid and looked within—
There, with berries, ice and meat,
The little trunk, deep in the ice,
His anxious eyes did meet.
A ringing laugh, resounded at
The "boys" all gathered near,
While Billy, with his "Saratoga,"
Felt like standing on his ear.
"I'se jis," he said, "dat triflin nigger there
Don't know cigar-box from a trunk,
And to put it in a refrigerator,
Dis most be drunk.
Though the weather's hot, I can keep cool;
My feelings are not hurt—
I'll take my trunk up to my room
And do n a "frozen g irl!"

OUR MACCIE.

A STORY OF THE GOLDEN STATE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY GILBERT GARNER.

The momentous question which had agitated the social circles of Santa Pepita for nearly a year and a half had been solved and settled at last. The schoolmarm had married. Two months had passed since that event, and the excitement which it had caused was gradually subsiding. The new teacher had been installed with all the ceremony of which the community of Santa Pepita was capable, but it was not moved from its normal equanimity on this occasion. For the new teacher was a man, and he was uninteresting. A few weeks sufficed to demonstrate that he was a competent functionary, and then he was allowed to subside into the dominion of the school. He was consigned to oblivion.

The arrival of Margaret Searle had been quite a different affair. She was the first teacher Santa Pepita had ever had. She was still in the "early days," and her advent marked the dawn of a new era in the history of Santa Pepita.

Before that time the place had been rough, benighted, lawless. But it was growing fast, it was increasing in size, in wealth, in importance. It had a resident population of nearly seven hundred souls, of whom sixteen were married women. It had been created the county seat, and a court had been established. Santa Pepita naturally became ambitious, and its aspirations soared in the clouds. But its needs, too, its deficiencies, were felt in the same proportion. In this state of feeling someone—it was young Dr. Conway—suggested that they ought to have a school. Some unsuspecting old lumbermen and miners, who were in the grocery at the time, and who overheard this recommendation, were knocked down by the startling novelty of the idea. But when all had recovered from the first shock of their astonishment, they set about to discuss the proposition seriously. The result of the consultation was an advertisement in the papers of San Francisco for a teacher. Samuel Gripes, the affluent though rather inelegant lumber-dealer, munificently offered to build the schoolhouse at his own expense, and promised to have it finished in a fortnight. And he proved as good as his word.

The advertisement elicited half a dozen answers. One of them was from a female. The Santa Pepitans had never dreamed of an application from a female. That a woman should think of venturing alone into that locality, of braving its perils and hardships single-handed, and of curbing the untamed spirits of the young Santa Pepitans, seemed to them ineffably absurd. And yet the idea pleased—or, rather, it tickled them. There was something about the letter, too, that struck their fancy, perhaps their hearts; it was clear, earnest, and almost appealing in tone. Doctor Joe Conway observed that it was the best-written letter of the lot, in point of both penmanship and composition, and although he opposed to a woman's filling the position, for her own sake as well as for that of educational progress in Santa Pepita, But Santa Pepita was a place of innovations; the tone of its enterprise was experimental, and it determined on the experiment of starting its school with a female pedagogue. So Miss Searle was written to and informed that her application had been favorably considered, and was requested to take the stage to Blanktown, where a conveyance would be in readiness to carry her to Santa Pepita. Sam Gripes unblushingly declared to the meeting that it was his intention to supply the conveyance and be the conveyor. This announcement gave rise to fierce contention in the caucus, at least a dozen others claiming the privilege, notably Cale Wapping the tavern-keeper, and Bullhead Bill, the burly miner; but when Gripes had asserted his authority in his way, and ultimately silenced all opposition.

On the afternoon when Sam Gripes' oilcloth-covered jagger-wagon was seen returning, Santa Pepita turned out en masse. All sincerely wished to extend a warm welcome to the new schoolmistress; but the curiosity to see her was, after all, perhaps the strongest incentive to the ovation. Sam Gripes looked flushed with pride as he rode into the settlement with the pale, sable-robed woman at his side, and every now and then bent his face down smilingly, and said something to her with a confidential air—a manoeuvre calculated to strike bitter envy into the hearts of all beholders. The crowd of collected mainly around the palatial deal-board mansion where Gripes resided; and the Gripes family, consisting of Mrs. Gripes and four small Gripeses, were gathered on the porch in awe-stricken attitudes, prepared to receive their guest and future lodger. When the jagger came to a halt, and the schoolmistress was handed out by the gallant Gripes, the motley throng obtained a fair view of her for the first time. They gazed eagerly and held their breaths, and were filled with respect and admiration as they gazed. This was a lady. Yes; her every look, every lineament of her countenance showed that. And she was beautiful, very beautiful, although so sad-looking, so careworn and so pale, and in spite of the plain black alpaca dress, which made her pallor even more apparent. They took her to be about twenty-two years of age; but she may have been a year older. Her face bore the traces of sickness, or of care and suffering, that perhaps made her look older than she really was. She was rather tall, and her form was cast in an exquisite mold, in which the symmetry, grace and elasticity of youth were combined with the ripeness of a glorious womanhood. Her hair was black and luxuriant, her eyes large, lustrous and deep-blue, their size and expression being enhanced by the dark circles beneath them. She raised them for an instant as she alighted from the wagon, and gave the crowd a quick and timid glance, almost a suspicious one. The curiosity was not of very malicious character, and its prevailing tone decidedly that of roughness, etiquette being to it one of the abstruse sciences; but, like the hidden hand that controls the motion of marionettes, so did some secret impulse move all those rugged and reckless men to doff their hats when the sweet, sad-looking lady passed between them.

* * * * * * *

When Mr. Samuel Gripes instated the schoolmistress into her new position, he presented her with the insignia of office in the shape of a formidable-looking bundle of birch switches, cut and trimmed by himself, and admonished her not to stint herself in their use, as he should have a fresh supply in readiness for her very shortly. Miss Searle never reminded him to redeem his promise. The bundle, which strongly resembled the fasces borne by the lictors of ancient Rome, being also tied together very much in the same fashion, remained, like its prototype, merely an emblem of the dignity of the office, and was never unbound. The prophecies which had been uttered at first, foretelling a mob-rule at the school and the early resignation of the harassed and despairing teacher, came to naught. Margaret Searle did not hold those dirty, rude, untutored children in subjection by the force of an iron will, but wrought upon them that subtle spell which comes of love, sympathy and respect. The settlers wondered how "Miss Maggie," as everyone called her, had acquired so potent an influence over those noisy and hitherto intractable young ones, and did not stop to consider, as they wondered, that they themselves had been caught in this magic thrall. And yet there was no necromancy in her power. Margaret Searle's sphere was not in the schoolroom alone. It was in every spot where a kind word and a tender smile would mitigate a pang, or ready hands could lighten a task or relieve a want. The sick and the poor especially met with her care; and, whether ruffian or courtesan, lowly Greaser or abject Chinaman, she made no distinction for all were alike her fellow-creatures. And withal she was so patient, so gentle, and so quiet. She rarely spoke—never in the course of her visits in the camp was it remarked, to the delight of all, that Our Maggie—yes, they had finally come to call her "Our Maggie," for everybody in Santa Pepita laid claim to a sort of proprietorship in the beloved schoolmistress—was no longer so pale and sad-looking as she had appeared at first. The healthful atmosphere of the country and the exercise she was taking daily were effecting a wonderful change. The lines of care were vanishing from her face; her eyes began to sparkle, her cheeks to bloom—oh, how lovely she was then!

And did not some of that impulsive masculine crew fall in love with her? Why, they were all in love with her, every one of them. But their love was something like veneration; and, though many a heart inclined to her in passionate longing, they all knew very well that she was far above, beyond them. Now, Sam Gripes, who, in addition to his other remarkable attributes, was an oracle, distinctly asserted that there was only one man in Santa Pepita who was worthy of Our Maggie, and, what was more, that man was going to have her. Who, who was that man? Why, that man was Doc. Conway, by hookey! Unfortunately for the likelihood of a fulfillment of Mr. Gripes' prediction, Doctor Joseph Conway was not of a marriageable turn, and always sedulously avoided Miss Searle.

He was still a very young man, not over twenty-six, perhaps, and had settled in Santa Pepita about two years before Miss Searle came. He had come from the East, it was said. He was strictly a handsome man; but his countenance inspired confidence, and his bearing respect. He was of medium height, slender but compactly built, and had gray eyes and light hair. He was thoughtful and somewhat taciturn; but was much liked and esteemed, for it was not long ere his kindness of heart and excellent intrinsic qualities were discovered. In fact, he had held the same exalted place in the affections of the folks of Santa Pepita that was afterwards usurped by Miss Searle, and then he still stood second. He avoided Miss Searle. And yet they came together. It was one evening when the doctor made a call at the cabin of Bullhead Bill, who was low with the typhoid fever, and whose condition had become critical. Our Maggie was at his side. Poor Bill! The ministering angel who had entered that humble abode had indeed effected miracles in easing him of suffering, but another pain stole insidiously upon him then, of which he never would dare speak or expect the remedy. The doctor remained about an hour, and finally declared his patient out of danger. Miss Searle started to go. But it was already quite late; she had remained longer than she had expected would be necessary. Doctor Conway could not help tendering her his escort to her home. During that walk these two people learned to know each other better; and when it came to an end, Gripes did not find it a very arduous task to persuade the doctor to step in and remain a while. Doctor Conway soon became a frequent visitor at Gripes', and the cause was apparent to everybody. But, alas for his hopes, he met with but little encouragement. Poor fellow! He had shunned Miss Searle at first for some reason or other, and now he loved her with all the fervor of his soul. Now she essayed to shun him—not that she disliked him—she would give no reason. She could not love and would not marry, she said, and entreated him to forget her. But he was undeterred, and he pleaded with her; aye, pleaded with her so long and so effectually that in a weak or an suspicious moment he extorted from her the avowal that she loved him!

Happy Joseph Conway! Woman, inscrutable woman! But, with this one important point gained, Joe still had a har time of it to win her consent to a marriage; and when she had yielded in this, he had to make another desperate struggle to get the date definitely fixed. But it was all settled at last. Folks knew that as well as if they had been told, when Doc Conway made preparements for building a cottage. And when the work was done, there was not a prettier sight in a day's ride than that cosy little cottage under the chestnuts on the southern outskirts of the settlement. And one bright Summer's day there was such wassail and merry-making in Santa Pepita as had never been known there before. It was the day when Our Maggie married young Doctor Conway.

* * * * * * *

Two months had passed. It was September. The arrival of Morgan MacWilliams was the most notable event that had occurred in Santa Pepita since the marriage of the schoolmistress.

Mr. MacWilliams did not attempt to conceal his profession; in truth, he began to practice it in a genteel, liberal way on the very evening after his coming. He was a gambler. Not one of your small-fry, penny-ante sort, but one of those princely, munificent operators who, when even pious people regard with something like awe. He presented a splendid appearance; he was over six feet in height, and had coal-black hair, moustache and eyes. He dressed with elegance, and his manners were marked by a certain delightful recklessness and rollicking bonhomie that won the liege homage of those settlers to a man. He was so gay, so generous, so prodigal of his possessions, that none ever thought evil of the little freedoms of speech and familiarities of manner which he was wont to allow himself, by right of superiority, no doubt.

That same afternoon, about a week after Morgan MacWilliams had come to Santa Pepita, there was a lively, convivial scene in the barroom at Wapping's tavern. Some twenty or thirty men were collected there, representing almost every type and shade of frontier humanity. Some of them were playing cards, all were drinking, laughing, smoking and gesticulating. The most striking figure in the picture was that of Morgan MacWilliams. He had been putting in a word here and there among the different groups, when suddenly he turned to the innkeeper with the electric summons:

"Here, Cale, old boy, drinks for the crowd!"

The grateful sound of this cordial bidding was echoed with thunders of applause. When all were supplied with what they had called for, Caleb Wapping, with a heart that was full with emotion, proposed the health of "their illustrious guest, Mr. Morgan MacWilliams." This was the signal for a perfect volley of hip-hurrahs, in which Bill particularly distinguished himself for capacity and power of lung. Mr. MacWilliams, facetiously pretending to wipe a tear from his eye, responding in a graceful and very witty little speech.

Morgan MacWilliams happened to be standing near a window, and, casually glancing out, perceived Doctor Conway coming down the road. His wife was with him. The gambler had met Joseph Conway but once before; but he was in a social frame just then, and opened his mouth with the intention of calling to the doctor and inviting him in to drink. But something checked him.

Just as Conway and his wife were passing the front of the tavern, a man, who had manifestly been running at the top of his speed, caught up with them, and, with panting breath, accosted the doctor and addressed him in a few hurried, earnest words. Somebody was very ill and requiring immediate attention, that was evident, for the doctor suddenly turned to bid his wife good-bye; but for at least five seconds she detained his hand and looked into his eyes. Her ravishing face was aglow with love and beaming with happiness. And then she went. The doctor started to go with the man.

When Morgan MacWilliams, standing at the window, obtained full view of Maggie, at the moment when the man called to her husband and caused her to turn, he started as if something had struck him.

"It can't be!" he whispered.

His gaze remained riveted upon her, and, after a while, he murmured:

"It is, by Jove! And so beautiful, so fresh and brilliant!"

He was in a sort of trance until she started away. Then he collected himself, and turned to Cale Wapping as if to ask him something; but, suddenly changing his mind, he stepped quickly to the door and hailed Conway, who was already some five or six rods away:

"Here, Doc, old boy!" he cried. "Come back, won't you? I'll only detain you a minute."

Conway acquiesced, although reluctantly. He entered the doorway, and MacWilliams slapped him on the shoulder and said, with confidential familiarity:

"Look here, Doc, how in thunder did you ever manage to fascinate that gorgeous bird-of-paradise, eh? Oh, don't attempt to deny it; that look and that smile which you got were significant enough. I'd give a thousand dollars for that smile, I would, on my soul! But you, Doc, you sly, deceiving saint! I'd never have thought you capable of it, on my honor!"

Joe Conway's face burned, and the veins stood forth from his forehead like whipcords.

"Sir!" he ejaculated, quivering with indignation. "How dare you speak thus to me? Choose your words more carefully, or you shall rue it!"

For a moment MacWilliams stared at the doctor in surprise. Then he eyed him with a supercilious insolence that was extremely exasperating, and said:

"My dear Doc, don't attempt to parade any airs before me, I advise you. And let me tell you, in a spirit of the friendliest candor, if you imagine for a moment that those soft, seductive eyes will always kindle for you alone, then you are the most hopelessly conceited fool in California!"

A stinging blow on the cheek was the answer to this harangue. The force of the concussion staggered MacWilliams. But, recovering himself quickly, he drew his revolver. He was not allowed to use it, however, for Bullhead Bill and several others, who were standing near and had witnessed the brief and lively episode, seized his arms and held them pinioned. But his rage was fearful to behold. Everybody jumped up when the blow was struck, and the crowd closed in around the two principals to the difficulty. Intense excitement prevailed.

"Drop it, Morgan, drop it!" roared Bullhead Bill. "None o' that here, if you please! Give the Doc a chance to use his own iron too, or you'll have a hot time of it in Santy Pepity, by jeminy gosh! Just hold ye go down ther to the Rocks, and settle it business fashion. That's how we do things yer, d'ye understand?"

"That is all I ask—it is just what I want," said MacWilliams, a baleful light gleaming in his eyes. "Come, let us go at once!"

"Doc, are you ready?" asked Wapping in a tone of encouragement, evidently desirous of hastening the interesting drama which was to be enacted at the Rocks.

All looked interrogatively at Joseph Conway. He seemed irresolute, and was very pale. He was trembling very perceptibly. Had life become so dear to him now that he hesitated to risk it even to satisfy the exacting and peculiar code of honor that prevailed at Santa Pepita? Was he thinking how hard it was to part with an existence in which peerless Maggie reigned as queen? Or did the idea of engaging in a deadly duel with such a man, for such a cause, and under such circumstances, appear to his enlightened mind like a horrible trifling with eternity, and an unworthy concession to ignorance and ruffianism?

Yes; all these thoughts were agitating Joseph Conway. But the assemblage in that room did not penetrate or understand this sort of psychology. They simply asked themselves: Was he flinching? They began to frown and mutter, and some looked on scornfully. At last Bullhead Bill spoke forth:

"Say, Doc, fur the reputation of Santy Pepity, show yer grit. Aint you goin' to fight?"

Joseph Conway had at last made up his mind; he had succumbed to public opinion.

"Yes," he answered; "I will fight. But I ask a delay, a brief respite—not for myself, but for humanity's sake. Tom Watson is lying dangerously ill at his cabin; he may not live through the night, if assistance is not soon at hand. His partner is waiting for me outside. I ask you to be patient until to-morrow morning; then I will be at the service of Mr. Morgan MacWilliams."

For a few moments the men looked at each other dubiously. Then Bullhead Bill spurted out with:

"Doc's right, by jeminy gosh! Go and tend to TomWatson, Doc; it's yer duty. To-morrow morning'll be time enough to settle this business!"

Bill's view of the case met with the instant and outspoken approval of all his mates. Without a word the young physician turned and slowly left the room. Outside he paused and looked wistfully towards the little cottage beneath the trees; then he joined the man who had been waiting for him, and whose face betrayed great restlessness and anxiety. They strode away rapidly in the direction of Tom Watson's cabin, which lay about a mile to the east of the inn. The sun was just disappearing behind the crest.

When Conway had quitted the barroom, Bullhead Bill faced MacWilliams and addressed him thus:

"Look yer, Morgan! I don't know ez I exactly got the hang of your highfalutin whist riled the doctor; but if I aint mistaken, it was suthin' a hinder disrespectful to Our Maggie. And now jus' lemme tell you that if Doc Conway hadn't been yere to punch your head when you said it, thar ain't a man in this yer room what wouldn't a done it for him, by jeminy gosh! But bein' ez she's his wife, of course it war his duty and speshul privilege!"

MacWilliams made no reply, but a strange, dazed look was in his eyes.

"*His wife!*"

The murmur was inaudible.

For a while the gambler remained silent and preoccupied. Afterwards he drew Caleb Wapping into a conversation, and learned from him all that was known in Santa Pepita concerning Joseph Conway and Our Maggie. Then he ordered his supper. And when it was served he scarcely touched the victuals, but drank a great deal of coffee, afterwards brandy. He became restless and excited, and in his eyes smoldered a consuming passion. Suddenly he arose, and, lighting a cigar, walked to the door.

"Cale," he said, "I can't stand it in this close room. I'm nearly suffocated. I shall take a stroll and get some fresh air."

And he went out into the twilight.

* * * * * * *

Shortly after eight o'clock that evening, the sharp report of a pistol rang out with startling distinctness upon the stilly air.

A general stir ensued. Every door in the settlement flew open, and everybody darted forth to see what was the matter. The sound of the shot had appeared to come from a southerly point. The crowd hurried down the road in that direction. Sam Gripes, Cale Wapping and Jack Burnett the constable were of the number. Some of the men carried lanterns. It had been dark, but the moon was just beginning to glimmer forth from behind an immense cloud-bank which had before obscured it. On nearing Doctor Conway's cottage, a man was seen approaching them. It was the doctor.

"Hello, Joe!" cried Gripes, out of breath. "Did you hear that? What was it? Do you know?"

"*Yes,*" replied Conway, agitated. "I will explain directly. Look there!"

All hastened to the spot indicated. A body lay in the road, lifeless, but still warm and bleeding.

"It's Morgan MacWilliams!" exclaimed Wapping. "And he's dead!"

This announcement caused a general shock. Morgan MacWilliams had been a great man in Santa Pepita. Glances were directed inquiringly and sternly to Joseph Conway. The quarrel which had taken place at the tavern two or three hours before was remembered. For a moment there was a portentous silence.

The bright yellow glare of the lanterns lent a weird look to the scene. In the background, contrasting refreshingly, was the natty little cottage, with a light in the window, and the towering trees slightly silvered by the moonbeams.

"You: I killed him!" finally said Conway, as if in response to an interrogatory which the looks of those around him mutely but plainly expressed. He was very pale, and laboring under great excitement. "I killed him, but it was in self-defense. Here is the pistol with which the deed was committed."

With this he delivered a revolver which he had held in his hand to Jack Burnett. It was a six-shooter, and one of the chambers was emptied. His initials were plainly graven on the stock. Taking a long breath, he continued:

"I will explain the circumstances. After the difficulty I had with MacWilliams at the tavern, I went over to see Tom Watson, whom I found quite sick, but not so bad as I expected. However, I remained with him nearly two hours, and succeeded in relieving him considerably. It was about a quarter to eight when I left him. I started directly for home. When I had nearly reached the cottage, I observed a man walking in the road. In spite of the darkness, I recognized the figure of Morgan MacWilliams. He must have recognized me at the same moment, for he quickened his pace almost into a run to meet me. When within three or four yards, he suddenly drew his pistol and exclaimed: 'Conway, curse you! I'll now pay my debt to you!' But I was too quick for him. I anticipated mischief when I saw him rapidly approach me, and silently I grasped my revolver. I fired. A second's delay, and I would have been the victim."

Caleb Wapping, who, with a few others, had been examining the corpse, suddenly rose from the ground and bent a piercing look upon Joseph Conway.

"That's a fine story, doctor," he slowly began; "but how d'ye account for the following three facts? First, Morgan MacWilliams is shot in the back of the head; second, his revolver is in a leather case in his back breeches-pocket; and third, his two hands are stuck in his side breeches-pockets, just in the style of a man who is walking alone and isn't thinking of any danger?"

Joseph Conway stood speechless, and his face grew almost livid. The bystanders were staggered by the unexpected revelation. Jack Burnett advanced, and laid his hand heavily upon the doctor's shoulder.

"Doctor Conway," he said in a loud voice, "I arrest you for the murder of Morgan MacWilliams!"

All turned, and beheld a female figure, robed in white, close behind the throng. It was Margaret Conway; she had stolen forth from the cottage and had overheard everything. She was tottering, and her uplifted face wore a wild look of anguish and despair. She staid a moment, and then, with a long wail she fell like a pall upon the snowy dress.

Sam Gripes and Bullhead Bill hastened to her side. The latter, strange to say, had only just then arrived on the spot, but he comprehended the situation at a glance. He regarded the poor, unconscious girl with a look of intense pity as he assisted Sam to carry her into the house, and after that a deep gloom settled upon him.

Joseph Conway was taken into custody by the constable and led away. He offered no resistance, he spoke not a word; he was like one paralyzed. At the hearing before the magistrate he waived his right to make a statement, and pleaded not guilty, remaining in position; he had nothing more to say. The Justice ordered that he be held to answer for the murder of Morgan MacWilliams, and committed him to the county jail. The plain but staunch little wooden building which served as a jail stood in the centre of the village, immediately in the court-house, which could hardly boast great superiority over it in point of architectural grandeur.

In a few days an indictment was found against Doctor Conway. In the meantime popular feeling ran high against him. The case was as clear as it could be. Conway dreaded the impending duel with MacWilliams, and, espying his enemy in the road returning from Tom Watson's cabin, crept up stealthily behind and shot him. He had already partly betrayed his cowardly nature in the rencounter at the tavern. He had confessed to the act of the killing, and the circumstantial evidence afterwards adduced, pointing to a base, dastardly murder, was irrefutable and conclusive. The young physician had been a great favorite, but the revulsion of feeling was complete, overwhelming. The authorities had to exercise their utmost vigilance to prevent a lynching. There was a great deal of rough sentimentality in the portion of Santa Pepita, and any thing like scorn or execration was dangerous in the extreme. A crime as heinous and pusillanimous as this had never been known to occur there before, vicious and savage as the place had been, and still was to a great extent. Of Joseph Conway's former friends, the Gripes family alone, perhaps, tempered their condemnation with compassion. Mrs. Gripes went regularly every day to comfort and attend poor Margaret, who had been prostrated by the shock which the terrible event had given her. Everyone felt for Our Maggie, and many a tear was wrung from the eyes that could have cut off his right hand to avert the sorrow from her life.

In seven days after the finding of the indictment the case came up for trial. According to indications, the proceedings would be brief and summary; the trial would last but one night, and then, probably, and the result could be easily forecast. Joseph Conway was doomed. The court-room was densely packed, and there were twice as many people without as there were within. The gathering was singularly heterogeneous; to style it cosmopolitan would be incorrect enough, but it was composite perhaps. With the various types and subdivisions of Caucasian humanity were oddly blended the Indian and the negro, the pig-tailed child of the Flowery Kingdom and the mongrel scion of the Montezumas. When the accused was brought into the room the crowd presented no manifest prejudice against him by hoots and hisses, which the Court found considerable difficulty in suppressing. But Joseph Conway heeded not his surroundings; it was palpable that something rested on his soul which rendered him impervious to external impressions. His face was haggard, his look introspective and somber.

The trial began. It sped on swiftly, precipitately. The witnesses followed one another in rapid succession. Among them were Wapping, Gripes, Burnett and Bullhead Bill. Apropos, on Bullhead Bill's taking the stand the audience were extremely edified to learn that William had other cognomen—a fact before quite generally unknown. His testimony related almost solely to the quarrel at the public-house; he had not arrived on the scene of the murder until the prisoner had been arrested. He spoke dejectedly; he evidently grieved for Maggie deeply; and her name had been depressed ever since that terrible night.

No one gave direct evidence; it was all circumstantial and presumptive. But it spun itself into a net about the prisoner, which his counsel essayed fruitlessly to rend. Conway's lawyer, a Mr. Frothingham, was a man of fair ability, but little experience. The demonstrations of the audience made him nervous, and his natural acumen consequently forsook him at times. Bateman, the prosecuting attorney, was an indomitable bully; he always labored hard and faithfully to fulfill the duties of office, did not stick at trifles, but tried to beat, no matter by what means or what the circumstances, to compass a verdict of guilty. All things considered, he was the best man for the place under the existing conditions.

The testimony was nearly all in, when suddenly a commotion arose near the door. All eyes were directed thither. The crowd parted and made way for a woman, who stepped hurriedly inside the railing. It was Margaret Conway. Her face was white and wasted; it looked as it did on the day when she came to Santa Pepita. But her eyes shone strangely; they reflected a desperate resolve. Confronting the astonished Judge, she addressed him in appealing tones:

"I implore you to pause for a brief time and listen to me. I know all about this transaction—I, and I alone—and I wish to tell it all."

Joseph Conway gazed wildly at his wife. Suddenly he started up, with hand outstretched, as if to restrain her and cried:

"For God's sake, Maggie, hold!"

"I wish to testify, and at once!" continued Maggie, glancing from Judge to jury, and heedless of the prisoner's injunction. "Gentlemen, my husband is innocent!"

Bateman, the prosecuting attorney, had jumped up and was clamoring for a hearing.

"Your honor!" he vociferated—"your honor, this flagitous interruption must not be brooked. The woman must be densely ignorant not to know that one of the fundamental rules of the common law prohibits husband and wife from being witness either for or against the other! I ask that she be silenced."

Margaret Conway gazed at the man in stupefaction. She had indeed been ignorant of this law, or had forgotten it. Her consternation was painful to behold. But suddenly she roused herself; her form straightened, her face burned, and her eyes flashed defiance. She looked like an angered tigress defending her own.

"I *will* speak!" she burst forth. "Who has a better right than I? For I—I killed Morgan MacWilliams!"

TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

THE TWO PRINCES OF ANAMABOE.

In the London season of 1749 two black princes of Anamaboe were in fashion at all the assemblies. Their story is very much like that of Oroonoko, and is briefly this: A Moor who had entertained with great hospitality a British captain trafficking on the coast of Africa reposed such confidence in him as to entrust him with his son, about eighteen years of age, and another sprightly youth, to be brought to Europe and educated in the European manners. The captain received them, and basely sold them for slaves. He shortly after died; the ship coming to England, the officers related the whole affair, upon which the Government sent to pay their ransom, and they were brought to England and put under the care of the Earl of Halifax, then at the head of the Board of Trade, who had them clothed and educated. They were afterwards received in the higher circles, and introduced to King George II on the first of February. In this year they appeared at Covent-garden Theatre to see the tragedy of "Oroonoko," where they were received with a loud burst of applause, which they returned with "a genteel bow." The tender interview between Imoinda and Oroonoko so affected the Prince that he was obliged to retire at the end of the fourth act. His compassion remained, but wept all the time so bitterly that it affected the audience more than the play.—*Anecdotes of the Court and Fashionable Life.*

THE WAY THEY LEAVE.—"Our fellow-townsman John Knox went galloping out of Centerville on a pale horse last night," is the gist of a feeling obituary notice in a Louisville paper.

SINCE I CANNOT govern my tongue, though within my own teeth, how can I hope to govern the tongues of others?—*Franklin.*

YE FIGHTING PRINTER MAN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY NIX.

Sam Sidestick was a printer who to drinking was inclined—
By taking to the bottle he his brain had undermined;
His nerves were quite unsteadied by his fondness for the cup,
And a steady application to the art of "setting up."
His friends they made remonstrances—he gave unwilling ear:
He spurned their kind advances, and he vowed he wouldn't hear;
Of Bible-banging principles he made much ridicule,
And in fighting with his friends he was as stubborn as a mule.

One day Sam took in much benzine, and cocktails not a few:
He got upon his ear, and vowed a first-class storm he'd brew;
"I strike a forty-dollar blow," said fighting Samuel,
"And in regular rough-and-tumble think that I can jam you well."

His challenge was accepted by a six-foot Western cuss,
Who said that "next to eatin'" he loved an old-time muss.
They chawed and bit and gouged and kicked till naught was left of Sam;
For the stranger had the best of it, and pounded him to jam.

[*Finis—Andante con expressione—piano.*]

They buried all they found of him within a graveyard rural;
"*In pacitus quiescat*" on his tombstone one may scan:
For the number they felt loved to use was certainly the plural.
For if ever man in *pieces* rested, Samuel was that man.

Harrisburg, Pa., Oct. 27, 1875.

THE MYSTERY OF DARKE HOUSE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY MRS. E. BURKE COLLINS.

"Over all there hung the shadow of a fear—
A sense of mystery the spirit daunted—
That said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
The house is haunted."

A desolate hill, standing up in the twilight—bare, gloomy, shadow-crowned. Nestling at its base, as if seeking to avoid the passer-by, is a large, rambling, castle-like structure—empty, deserted, now known as Darke House. This name had been derived from its former owners, but was strongly suggested by the dark shadows ever resting upon the building, cast by the hill behind it; but the still more dreadful shadows of suspicion, guilt, horror, which were attached to the name—the story of an unloving and unwilling bride, a jealous husband, and an awful tragedy.

Crossing the rustic bridge—broken, vine-covered, and neglected—which spanned the muddy stream in front of the building, I passed through the dilapidated archway, where once a massive gate had swung, and then onward, through winding walks, ankle-deep in dead leaves and the debris of years, until a sudden turn in the avenue brought me straight to the door. Dare I enter? I was a timid little woman, and the tales told of this deserted mansion were fearful enough to curdle the blood in the veins of stronger mortals than myself; and more than one of the inhabitants of the village close by firmly believed in the wild tradition which invested this place with horror, and reported that the tragedy was often acted here and repeated by ghostly visitants. All this flashed through my mind as I paused there; but I was reckless and desperate that Autumn afternoon, and so I pushed the thought of fear from my mind. And why should I not be reckless and desperate? I had thrown away the love of the only good man I knew in the world—and I loved him, too, with all the fervor of a woman. All turned, and beheld a female figure, robed in white, close behind the throng. It was Margaret Conway; she had stolen forth from the cottage and had overheard everything. She was tottering, and her uplifted face wore a wild look of anguish and despair. She staid a moment, and then, with a long wail she fell like a pall upon the snowy dress.

Sam Gripes and Bullhead Bill hastened to her side. The latter, strange to say, had only just then arrived on the spot, but he comprehended the situation at a glance. He regarded the poor, unconscious girl with a look of intense pity as he assisted Sam to carry her into the house, and after that a deep gloom settled upon him.

Joseph Conway was taken into custody by the constable and led away. He offered no resistance, he spoke not a word; he was like one paralyzed. At the hearing before the magistrate he waived his right to make a statement, and pleaded not guilty, remaining in position; he had nothing more to say. The Justice ordered that he be held to answer for the murder of Morgan MacWilliams, and committed him to the county jail. The plain but staunch little wooden building which served as a jail stood in the centre of the village, immediately in the court-house, which could hardly boast great superiority over it in point of architectural grandeur.

In a few days an indictment was found against Doctor Conway. In the meantime popular feeling ran high against him. The case was as clear as it could be. Conway dreaded the impending duel with MacWilliams, and, espying his enemy in the road returning from Tom Watson's cabin, crept up stealthily behind and shot him. He had already partly betrayed his cowardly nature in the rencounter at the tavern. He had confessed to the act of the killing, and the circumstantial evidence afterwards adduced, pointing to a base, dastardly murder, was irrefutable and conclusive. The young physician had been a great favorite, but the revulsion of feeling was complete, overwhelming. The authorities had to exercise their utmost vigilance to prevent a lynching. There was a great deal of rough sentimentality in the portion of Santa Pepita, and any thing like scorn or execration was dangerous in the extreme. A crime as heinous and pusillanimous as this had never been known to occur there before, vicious and savage as the place had been, and still was to a great extent. Of Joseph Conway's former friends, the Gripes family alone, perhaps, tempered their condemnation with compassion. Mrs. Gripes went regularly every day to comfort and attend poor Margaret, who had been prostrated by the shock which the terrible event had given her. Everyone felt for Our Maggie, and many a tear was wrung from the eyes that could have cut off his right hand to avert the sorrow from her life.

In seven days after the finding of the indictment the case came up for trial. According to indications, the proceedings would be brief and summary; the trial would last but one night, and then, probably, and the result could be easily forecast. Joseph Conway was doomed. The court-room was densely packed, and there were twice as many people without as there were within. The gathering was singularly heterogeneous; to style it cosmopolitan would be incorrect enough, but it was composite perhaps. With the various types and subdivisions of Caucasian humanity were oddly blended the Indian and the negro, the pig-tailed child of the Flowery Kingdom and the mongrel scion of the Montezumas. When the accused was brought into the room the crowd presented no manifest prejudice against him by hoots and hisses, which the Court found considerable difficulty in suppressing. But Joseph Conway heeded not his surroundings; it was palpable that something rested on his soul which rendered him impervious to external impressions. His face was haggard, his look introspective and somber.

The trial began. It sped on swiftly, precipitately. The witnesses followed one another in rapid succession. Among them were Wapping, Gripes, Burnett and Bullhead Bill. Apropos, on Bullhead Bill's taking the stand the audience were extremely edified to learn that William had other cognomen—a fact before quite generally unknown. His testimony related almost solely to the quarrel at the public-house; he had not arrived on the scene of the murder until the prisoner had been arrested. He spoke dejectedly; he evidently grieved for Maggie deeply; and her name had been depressed ever since that terrible night.

No one gave direct evidence; it was all circumstantial and presumptive. But it spun itself into a net about the prisoner, which his counsel essayed fruitlessly to rend. Conway's lawyer, a Mr. Frothingham, was a man of fair ability, but little experience. The demonstrations of the audience made him nervous, and his natural acumen consequently forsook him at times. Bateman, the prosecuting attorney, was an indomitable bully; he always labored hard and faithfully to fulfill the duties of office, did not stick at trifles, but tried to beat, no matter by what means or what the circumstances, to compass a verdict of guilty. All things considered, he was the best man for the place under the existing conditions.

The testimony was nearly all in, when suddenly a commotion arose near the door. All eyes were directed thither. The crowd parted and made way for a woman, who stepped hurriedly inside the railing. It was Margaret Conway. Her face was white and wasted; it looked as it did on the day when she came to Santa Pepita. But her eyes shone strangely; they reflected a desperate resolve. Confronting the astonished Judge, she addressed him in appealing tones:

"I implore you to pause for a brief time and listen to me. I know all about this transaction—I, and I alone—and I wish to tell it all."

Joseph Conway gazed wildly at his wife. Suddenly he started up, with hand outstretched, as if to restrain her and cried:

"For God's sake, Maggie, hold!"

"I wish to testify, and at once!" continued Maggie, glancing from Judge to jury, and heedless of the prisoner's injunction. "Gentlemen, my husband is innocent!"

Bateman, the prosecuting attorney, had jumped up and was clamoring for a hearing.

"Your honor!" he vociferated—"your honor, this flagitous interruption must not be brooked. The woman must be densely ignorant not to know that one of the fundamental rules of the common law prohibits husband and wife from being witness either for or against the other! I ask that she be silenced."

Margaret Conway gazed at the man in stupefaction. She had indeed been ignorant of this law, or had forgotten it. Her consternation was painful to behold. But suddenly she roused herself; her form straightened, her face burned, and her eyes flashed defiance. She looked like an angered tigress defending her own.

"I *will* speak!" she burst forth. "Who has a better right than I? For I—I killed Morgan MacWilliams!"

TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.

THE TWO PRINCES

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Ballads, Songs and Dances, Comic Songs, Old Bills, etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED EXPRESSLY FOR THE CLIPPER.

A TALE OF MANY ARTISTS.

The following novel composition, the work of Harry Jenks, is sent to us for publication in THE CLIPPER, and we give the letter entire, just as received. It contains the names of one hundred and fifty-four well-known performers in various branches of our public amusements.

The Performers' Letter.

BY HARRY JENKS.

RICHMOND, May, 1875.

According to promise, I *Wright*. We arrived here the other *Day*, and everything is going *Lovely*, with nothing to *Marr* our expectations. The *Southern* States are good for show. Our *Keene* ad-*Vance* knew *Ware* biz. was good. *Wyman* and wife and *Young* ones had to *Waite* and come to the *Hall* the next *Knight*, as there was such a *Rush*. Our ticket-agent was *Hanlon* tickets like a *Gaylord*, we *Drew* such big houses. The troupe is solid, for we have got a *Banker* to *Backus*, and we are *Bent* on going it through (I *Seymour* fun out here than any one *Nelse*). After we leave this town we *Arnot* going to show for two *Weeks*. We all went yesterday as far as *Harrington*, where we had a picnic in the *Woods*, and had the pleasure of seeing a *Millburn*, and some *Lums* was *Courtright* in the act of setting it on fire. We then turned up a *Lane*, which brought us to a *Forrest* full of *Brooks*, that were so wide that we hadn't the *Hart* to jump them. I threw a *Stone* in the *Coster*, so we could eat no *Moore*. Our *Cooke*, who was a good *Baker*, mashed one of the girls, named Minnie, by giving her too much *Porter*. I tell you there was nothing *Fuster* that she did not eat, so we let *Minnie Loder* self in the latest *Styles*. She then sang us a Christmas *Carol* with a wicked *Lehr*; *Herman* was *Wild*, and said it was a *Sinn* for her to make such a *Toole* of herself. She then tried to *Guy Linton*, telling him to *Reed* how to *Hughs* a *Newcomb*; but he *Foster* to husb, and said he would not *Warner* again. They were soon reconciled; and, as they were about to *Locke* in each other's embrace, they were interrupted by a voice exclaiming "*Joe!*" We looked round, and saw a *Gray*-headed old man coming out of some *Mansfield*. He drove his team up to us, and inquired for our *Butler*, saying he would like to sell him some *Oates* for our horses. We said: "*Watts the Price?*" He named his price, and said he received it fresh *Daily*, and told a pack of other lies. He said our butler owed him for some hay, and could we pay him for it? I told him the butler, *Mayo* him, for all we cared, and not to think us *Green* enough to let him play that *Dodge* on us. He soon made his exit; and to see him going over the *Hill*, you would think him a fine *Walker*, for he dusted as fast as a *Fox*. The last *Ray* of daylight was now falling fast; so we made a streak for our *Castle* (better known as a boarding-house). As we neared the outside, the old *Gardner* with his staff at work, getting bouquets for the company. That evening we had a *Little* sociable, and the boys turned out pretty *Strong*. It wou'd fill a whole *Page* to tell you all that was there. They came from *Miles* around. I will describe the people as they entered the house. The first was a *Taylor*—you should see *Your* hat he raised. The next was an old *Bachelor*, with a large *Diamond* in his shirt bosom, and a large gold-headed *Kane*; he was a regular mash, and would *Pierce* the heart of any young lady. The next was a *Kernell*, from *West* Point, with his *White* kid gloves and a *Rose Budd* in his button-hole. He was followed by a *Cooper*, a *Saddler*, and an old *Coleman*, each presenting our landlady with a bill for work they had *Dumn*. It was not *Long* before she put them off in the usual way (all again). They all made an exit for their respective *Holmes*, with faces on them like a *Crane*. The old bachelor then began making *Love* to a young lady, telling her he was a *Freeman*; and every time he saw her, he loved her *Moran* more; and he would get a *Bishop* to marry them. He also told her she looked like a *Queen*. She then commenced *Guion* him, asking him if she would *Clipper* hair and give him a piece, would he keep it next his heart? As soon as he found she was a regular *Yeaten*, he rushed out in the *Street*, to be seen no more. She then commenced to *Turner* attention to me, asking if I was in town the time of the great *Flood*, when houses and *Barnes* were floating around, and the *Snow* and rain came down in *Showers*. I asked her if she was not in *France* about a year ago? She answered yes, and found out that I was her long-lost *Pilgrim*. She said she knew I would *Hunter* up again. I told her not to *Harris* herself about it. She then let me *Steele* a little kiss, which settled the whole thing, for we are now married and living in perfect *Bliss*. I will write again.

Yours, respectfully, A. R. TIET.

PEARL OF THE SEA.

Come to me, darling; my soul cries in pain;
Press to me red lips to mine own once again;
Live thou but in sorrow, or sleep thou in death,
Perfume my forehead once more with thy breath.
Stand not a spectre on memory's shore,
Mock not the joys of the days gone before;
Come to me, darling, my idol to be.
Come to me, darling, my Pearl of the Sea.

Chorus.—Pearl of the Sea, Pearl of the Sea,
Pearl of the Sea, Pearl of the Sea.

Wrecked on life's breakers, my soul cries to thee—
Fly from thy sea-home,
Come o'er the sea-foam,
Come to me, darling, my Pearl of the Sea.

Come to me, darling—thy presence will bless
A heart that has known of the world's bitterness;
Haunted by sadness, beleaguered by woe,
Heed thou my anguish that passeth all show.
Come to me, darling, wherever thou art;
Come to me, darling, and rest on this heart;
Come to me, darling, I'm waiting for thee;
Come to me, darling, my Pearl of the Sea.

Chorus.—Pearl of the Sea, Pearl of the Sea, etc.

AL. FRESCO.

SUMMER THEATRICALS.

At Cape May, N. J., 1854.

Frank E. Humphreys of Philadelphia, Pa., sends us a bill of the above, a copy of which we append. Harry Langdon is before the public; F. W. Humphreys died near Toronto, Ont., July 9, 1857; Mrs. F. W. Humphreys subsequently became Mrs. W. L. Jamieson, and is now a member of Daly's Fifth-avenue Theatre Company; Mrs. T. Tyrrell is now Mrs. Ivan C. Michels; W. A. and C. F. Wood, sons of the late William B. Wood, are both dead, the former having died in Baltimore, Md., July 31, 1862, and the latter in New York during the latter part of September, 1859; John Nunan died in Brooklyn, L. I., Feb. 24, 1870.

DRAMATIC PAVILION,
Jackson street, Cape May.

Stage-manager.....Mr. W. F. Wood

The above establishment will be opened for a limited period on

THURSDAY EVENING, AUGUST 3, 1854,

with the following acknowledged artists, selected from the principal theatres of the United States.

ON THURSDAY EVENING, AUG. 3, 1854,

will be performed the favorite drama of

THE MAID OF CROISSY, OR THE CROSS OF GOLD.

Serg't Austerlitz.....Mr. Harry Langdon
Francis.....Mr. Francis
Walter.....Mr. F. W. Humphreys
Nanette.....Mrs. F. W. Humphreys
Therese, the Maid of Croissy.....Mrs. T. Tyrrell

PAS COMIQUE, MR. W. A. WOOD.

To which will be added the laughable interlude of

SPIRIT-RAPPING.

Mr. Dupuis, an injured Spirit.....Mr. Langdon
Valere, a persecuted Spirit.....Mr. C. F. Wood
Thomas, a Medium.....Mr. F. W. Humphreys
John, a Porter, a stuttering Spirit.....Mr. Nunan
Mrs. Dupuis, a jealous Spirit.....Mrs. T. Tyrrell
Angelica, an injured Spirit.....Mrs. F. W. Humphreys

SAILOR'S HORNPIPE, MR. GEORGE SHELDON.

The whole to conclude with the favorite farce of

PERFECTION, OR THE LADY OF MUNSTER.

Sir Lawrence Paragon.....Mr. John Nunan
Charles Paragon, his nephew.....Mr. Langdon
Sam, Charles Paragon's valet.....Mr. F. W. Humphreys
Kate O'Brien.....Mrs. T. Tyrrell
Susan, her Maid.....Mrs. F. W. Humphreys

"A LIVELY, BONELESS, INDIA-RUBBER PAIR."

DEDICATED TO MESSRS. BAKER AND DOYLE,
BY JOHN A. THOMPSON.

We're a pair of lively, India-rubber Sarkies,
Just as limber as an eel that's freshly caught;
Get invited into all the first-class parties—
In the dances, too, our hards are always sought.
We're the pets of all the festive colored damsels,
And the envy of the high-toned ballroom swells;
For we always steal away their pretty sweethearts,
And completely captivate the dashing belles.
Chorus.
Then just watch us while we throw our legs around us,
Twist ourselves, too, in every kind of shape.
There are many who have strongly held and bound us,
But from all their holds we quickly could escape.
To amuse you all we jointly do endeavor,
And we trust that we always may succeed;
Glad to see your smiling faces here, whenever
From the duties of the day you shall be freed.
May success, then, attend you on your pathway,
No reverses may you ever have to share;
Try and be now just as happy and contented
As this lively, boneless, India-rubber pair.
Chorus.—Then just watch us while, etc.

HOWES' MENAGERIE AND CIRCUS
In Taunton, Mass., in 1855.

N. J. Morton of Taunton, Mass., sends us an advertisement, cut from a local journal, of the above show. Seth B. Howes, the proprietor, is still living. Gen. Tom Thumb is before the public with a troupe of his own. S. P. Stickney was managing a circus in Canada during a portion of the past tenting season. Miss Sallie Stickney is married and living in retirement. Master Carlo is before the public. Robert Stickney is one of the principal riders with "Old" John Robinson's Circus. William Armstrong died in Cincinnati, O., Sept. 16, 1871.

TWO COMPANIES, MENAGERIE AND CIRCUS.
S. B. HOWES, PROPRIETOR.
With the celebrated original
GENERAL TOM THUMB.
Will exhibit on
TUESDAY AFTERNOON AND EVENING, JUNE 12.
Admission 25 cents, children under 8 years of age half price. No money will be taken at the door.

THE TWO PERFORMING ELEPHANTS will be introduced by their keeper, and go through many sagacious performances.

MR PARKER, the celebrated tamer of wild beasts, will enter the den of the lions, tigers and leopard animals, in presence of the audience, at 3 o'clock, previous to the commencement of the equestrian performances.

The following are some of the animals in this collection: African lion and lioness, Numidian lion, Asiatic lioness, Brazilian tiger, hunting leopard, grizzly bear, one white polar bear, spotted hyena, one California lioness, poonah bear, albino kangaroo, Rocky Mountain bear, jackal from South Africa, kangaroo from New Holland, a colony of apes, monkeys, baboons, parrots, cranes, owls, etc., forming what is termed a HAPPY FAMILY.

TOM THUMB!

the celebrated and world-renowned Man in Miniature, who is twenty-two years of age,
weighs only 15 pounds, and is but 28 inches high!

EQUESTRIAN ENTERTAINMENT.

Separate and distinct from the Zoological and Tom Thumb exhibitions are the following brilliant CIRCUS PERFORMANCES, to which the visitors of the two former, all those who choose, may attend without additional charge. The circus troupe, it will be seen, contains some of the most prominent riders, vaulters, gymnasts and comic talent in the country, and the entertainments given are NOVEL, DIVERSIFIED and BRILLIANT, accompanied by a magnificent band of music.

The performances will commence with the great TWO AND FOUR HORSE REIN ACT by Mr. S. F. STICKNEY.

SIGNOR FELIX CARLO, known in Europe and in the United States as the "Italian trick clown," with his talented Juvenile Artists, in a pleasing diversity of GROTESQUE GYMNASTICS, in which these admired performers stand pre-eminent.

Miss SALLIE STICKNEY, the highly accomplished and youthful AMERICAN EQUESTRIAN, will perform her great model act of female equitation, without saddle or bridle.

Daring and skilful feats of balancing by MASTER CARLO, forming and mounting a pyramid of glass bottles, taking a crystal promenade upon decanters, and firing pistols while balanced upon his head on the neck of a bottle at the top of the pyramid.

Unlimited and artistic display of juvenile horsemanship, called YOUNG AMERICA, by Master R. Stickney.

BOBBY WILLIAMS, CLOWN.

GREAT MANROE ACT by Miss SALLY STICKNEY and her noble and beautifully trained horse Gem.

Superb feats and graces in POSTURING and GROUPING by Signor Felix Carlo and sons.

Mr. W. ARMSTRONG will exhibit his celebrated acts of SOMERSET and SCENE-RIDING.

To conclude with a COMIC AFTERPIECE by the CARLO FAMILY.

WHEN THE DEW IS ON THE ROSES.

When the dew is on the roses,
And the angels of the night
Keep their vigils, while reposes
All the world till morning's light,
Someone lingers in the gloaming,
Down the dear old shady lane,
Waiting, watching for my coming
To our meeting-place again.
Chorus.—When the dew is on the roses,
On the roses sweet and fair,
Someone watches for me there.

When the dew is on the roses,
What is grief or pain to me,
Since my love is close beside me,
And her sunny face I see?
Laughing eyes, 'neath golden lashes,
Look their sweetest into mine,
And I hear a voice repeating:
"I am ever, truly thine."
Chorus.—When the dew, etc.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

BALLET PANTOMIME
In Philadelphia, Pa., in 1843.

Of the persons who took part in the performances mentioned in the appended programme, William Augustus Barnes the clown died in London, Eng., in May, 1868; Miss Annie Walters subsequently married and was divorced from George Jordan, and is believed to be living in retirement; George W. Smith was traveling with Barnum's Hippodrome during the past season; Charles G. Parsloe died in this city Sept. 22, 1870; Henrietta Vallee married Ben De Bar, manager of De Bar's Opera-house, St. Louis, Mo., and the St. Charles Theatre, New Orleans, La.; the other two sisters are in retirement; E. L. Davenport is before the public as a star; T. B. Radcliffe died in New Orleans, La., Nov. 4, 1866; W. A. Vache died in this city July 10, 1849; Mrs. E. N. Thayer died in Atlantic City, N. J., July 22, 1873. Bill contributed by James M. Munn of Philadelphia.

WALNUT-STREET THEATRE.

Boxes, 50cts.; second tier, 25cts.; pit, 12½cts.
Doors open at 7.30 o'clock. Performance to commence at 8 o'clock precisely.

GREAT ATTRACTION—SUMMER SEASON.

Second night of the revival of the magnificent pantomime of

THE BLACK RAVEN OF THE TOMBS,

with entirely new and magnificent scenery, dresses and properties, curious mechanical changes, rapid transformations, new dances.

This singularly wild German legend has been the theme of various differently titled pieces in the principal cities of Europe, and the subject and manners of presenting it to their publics have invariably created a strong sensation. In London and Paris it was played upwards of four hundred nights, and at the celebrated Niblo's Garden, New York, it had an uninterrupted run of 50 nights to saloons crowded to the roof, under the name of

MAZULME THE NIGHT OWL.

Second night of the engagement of the celebrated clown
MR. BARNES,
who will appear in his original character of Noueum.
And the favorite danseuse
MISS WALTERS,
who will sustain the character of Columbine, in which she has received the most rapturous applause.
MR. SMITH and MR. PARSLOE
will appear as Flodoardo and Signor Montano.
The manager has pleasure in announcing an engagement with
MISS H. VALLEE, MISS J. VALLEE,
MISS E. VALLEE,
who will appear in conjunction with the above named artists, thereby forming the most perfect combination of pantomimic talent ever offered in this city.

First night of an entirely new farce, entitled

BINKS THE BAGMAN

ON MONDAY EVENING, JULY 17, 1843,

the performances will commence with an entirely new farce, in one act, never performed in this city, entitled

BINKS THE BAGMAN,

Binks (the Bagman, a Traveling Agent for the Manufactories).....Mr. Davenport
Kit Crimmtius (Landlord of the "Admiral Benbow").....Mr. Radcliffe

Jack Robinson.....Mr. Vache	Mary Moggs,
Tom (he waiter).....Mr. Eberle	Miss Collingbourne
Boots.....Mr. George	Mrs. Robinson. Mrs. Radcliffe
Mrs. Crimmtius..Mrs. Thayer	The Bear.....Mr. Reed
THE POLACCA.....by.....MISS H. VALLEE	

To conclude with the new and magnificent pantomime of

THE BLACK RAVEN OF THE TOMBS,

Flodoardo, a young Peasant, contracted to Marie.Mr. Smith
Signor Montano, a Roue.....Mr. Parsloe
Neucum, Montano's Valet.....Mr. Vache
Pierro.....Mr. Eberle
Black Raven.....Mr. Radcliffe
Sawbone, a Surgeon.....Mr. Vache
Solyman, Grand Turk.....Mr. Eberle
Imaun, his Chief Attendant.....Mr. Young
Chief Cook to Solyman.....Master Reed
Jack Miller Man.....Mr. Henry
Dr. Jacissor a Quack.....Mr. Macklin
Cuspidatos, his man.....Mr. Reed
Sangrado.....Mr. Blackburt
Lenoir.....Mr. Perry
Sanguine.....Mr. Macklin
Marie, betrothed to Flodoardo.....Miss Walters
Zolima.....Miss E. Vallee | Fish Woman.....Miss Price
Fatima.....Miss J. Vallee | Fruit Woman.....
Egg Woman.....Miss Collingbourne

Mummies.....Messrs. Gourlay, Dorney, Reed and Radcliffe
Phantoms, Shrouded Spectres, Skeletons, Nuns, Cooks, Waiters, Market Women, Farmers, Greek Sailors, Visitors, Ladies of the Harem, Turkish Guards, Fiends, Good Spirits, etc., by numerous auxiliaries.

SPEAK GENTLY.

BY MARION SACKETT.

Speak to her gently, raise up the poor head;
Not one of us know how first her steps led
Deep in the foot-path of sorrow and shame;
How and to we to tell on whom rests the blame?
Chorus.—Speak to her gently.
In kindness and love;
He will remember,
Reward you above.

Speak to her gently, nor hold you aloof;
Think as our Saviour, whose pardon and love
Are given the fallen as well as to thee,
Who, knowing our hearts, its temptations see.
Chorus.—Speak to her gently, etc.

A REMINISCENCE
Of the Eagle Theatre, Boston, Mass.

An amphitheatre was erected on the corner of Haverhill and Traverse streets in 1841, in which performances were given by various circus companies. In 1842 it was altered, and opened as the Eagle Theatre on June 27 of that year, under the management of Wyzeman Marshall. On Aug. 20, W. H. Smith, after a temporary absence from that city, returned and assumed the stage-management. Melodramas and comedies were performed so effectively that the Little Eagle—as it was called—with its cheap prices threatened to ruin the National Theatre, then under the management of the late William Pelby. In order to compete with the Eagle the prices of admission to the National were reduced to 25 cents. Although the management of the Eagle did not coin money, it was gradually killing the National, so Mr. Pelby bought a quarter interest in the theatre, and one night visited it and cut away a portion of the building, thereby forming the present roof, and the season at the Eagle was brought to a close. A lawsuit was commenced, but it never came to trial. Mrs. Charles Hill delivered the opening address on June 27, 1842, and she is now living in retirement. William Pelby, the manager of the National, died in Boston, Mass., May 28, 1853. We append a bill of one of the early performances, during the brief season that the Eagle was open, contributed by an old actor. Of those whose names appear therein, W. H. Smith in the Fall of 1843 became the stage-manager of the Boston Museum, which position he held for many years. He died in San Francisco, Cal., Jan. 17, 1874. John Smith is living in Melbourne, Australia, occasionally managing companies there and on tours to China, Japan and India. Wyzeman Marshall is living in Boston, and occasionally appears upon the lyceum rostrum in recitations, and upon the dramatic stage in a round of his favorite characters. Henry Lewis is living in retirement. A. W. Fenno died in this city Feb. 19, 1873. Otis Marshall, a brother of the manager, retired from the profession some years ago, and, we believe, died in Boston. George E. Locke is now before the public as a star, and popularly known as "Yankee" Locke. Frank Germon afterwards became one of the original members of Dumbolton's Minstrel Troupe. He died some years ago in Philadelphia, Pa. Mrs. Eliza Groves retired some years ago, and may possibly be living in Boston. La Petite Bertha was a daughter of Henry Lewis. She afterwards became Mrs. Marcus, retired from the profession and died in Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 23, 1872. S. D. Johnson died in Philadelphia, Pa., July 24, 1863. W. G. Jones died in this city June 20, 1853.

EAGLE THEATRE,
Corner of Haverhill and Traverse streets.
Stage-manager.....Mr. W. H. Smith
PRICES—Boxes, 25c.; Pit, 12½c.; Private Boxes, 50c.
GREAT AND UNHEARD-OF ATTRACTION, NOVELTY AND MIRTH.

Benefit of the unrivaled, unapproachable, untiring, and not-to-be-imitated Ethiopian artiste,
MR. JOHN SMITH,
Positively his last appearance.
Four admirable and effective pieces on the same evening.
First night of the beautiful melodrama of
ELLA ROSENBERG.

Rosenberg....Mr. W. Marshall | Flutterman... Mr. H. Lewis
Capt. Storm Mr. W. H. Smith | Ella Rosenberg..Mrs. Groves
LAST NIGHT OF THE BLACK GHOST.
The favorite nautical drama,
BLACK-EYED SUSAN.

William.....as.....Mr. W. G. Jones	
Last night of the grand Ethiopian extravaganza of THE DARKY IN LIVERY.	
John Smith.....as.....Garrick Kean Forrest Pompey	
John Smith.....as.....A Bootblack	
John Smith.....as.....A Physician	
John Smith.....as.....The Black Ghost	
John Smith.....in.....six of his original extravaganzas.	
John Smith.....in his original toe-and-heel movement	
Picaninny Coleman.....as.....Mungo	
Picaninny Coleman.....in three of his banjo melodies	
Picaninny Coleman.....in Smoke-house Dance	
Picaninny Coleman and John Smith, Double dove-tail over the buckle	

Time altered. Doors open at a quarter before 7; curtain rises at quarter past 7 o'clock precisely.

ON WEDNESDAY EVENING, SEPT. 28, 1842,

the entertainments of the evening will commence with the beautiful melodrama (by James Kenney, Esq.), entitled

ELLA ROSENBERG.

Rosenberg...Mr. W. Marshall	First Soldier.....Field
Capt. Storm (first time).	Second do.....Wall
Mr. W. H. Smith	Pursuers...Nolan and Evans
Flutterman.....Mr. H. Lewis	Ella Rosenberg...Mrs. Groves
Lieut. Fennol Carlstine.....H. Fennol	Carlstine.....Miss Sands
Col. Mountfort...Sutherland	Mrs. Flutterman.
Conrade.....O. Marshall	Miss Coombs
Stephen.....G. E. Locke	Village Lasses, Misses Webster, Evans, Cole, Butts, etc., etc.
Commander of the Guard, Mr. Germon	

End of the drama.

National dance, "La Milanese".....La Petite Bertha
Comic song.....Mr. H. Lewis
In the course of the evening a grand rehearsal for a ginger ball, in which John Smith will show the extraordinary developments of the human muscle in his extravaganza of "Whar Did You Cum From?" showing the real science of muscular mesology to a much greater extent than any other professor of the black art. Now, then, comes that promising young nigger, Picaninny Coleman, with his soul-stirring banjo, to touch the sensibilitous nerves of the astonished white folks, in the way of giving a description of the old James-river nigger. Dan Tucker. Now, white folks, trouble de two darkies in their duet of "Zip Coon," showing every possible dan it possible step since the days of one Miss Terpsichore; and last, not least, their own old Virginia Smoke-house Dance.

The highly successful Ethiopian drama, called
THE DARKY IN LIVERY, OR THE STAGE-STRUCK NIGGER.
Garrick Kean Forrest Pompey, a stage-struck darky.....Mr. John Smith

Mr. Fitzsnooks, a retired grocer.....Mr. S. D. Johnson	
Augustus Mortimer, an exquisite.....Mr. Sutherland	
Peter Puffpaste, a discharged servant.....Mr. Locke	
Horace Pump, a teetotaller.....Mr. Germon	
Mr. Glutton.....Mr. Nolan	Julia Fitzsnooks Miss Sands
Mr. Niceman.....Mr. Stevens	Dolly Daggins..Mrs. Groves
Mr. Swallowell.....Mr. Field	Mrs. Glutton.....Miss Stevens
Dick.....Mr. Wall	Mrs. Niceman.....Miss Butts
Tom.....Mr. Evans	Mrs. Swallowell.
Mrs. Fitzsnooks. Miss Coombs	
Comic song.....The Bashful Muse".....Mr. Germon	

After which, the favorite nautical drama, called
BLACK-EYED SUSAN, OR ALL IN THE DOWNS.

William.....W. G. Jones	Hatchet.....Mr. Field
Gnatbrain.....H. Lewis	Doggrass.....G. E. Locke
Captain Crosstree,	Jacob Twig.....S. D. Johnson
Admiral.....A. W. Fenno	Plongshare.....Mr. Wall
Admiral.....Mr. Sutherland	Master-at-Arms,
Raker.....O. Marshall	Mr. Williams
Seaweed, with song of "Black-eyed Susan,"	Black-eyed Susan,
Mr. Germon	Mrs. Groves
Yarn.....Mr. Nolan	Dolly Mayflower..Miss Sands
Quid.....Mr. Evans	Sailor's lasses,
Peter.....Mr. Stevens	Miss Coombs, Miss Bates,
	Mrs. Johnson, etc.

The whole to conclude with the farcical extravaganza, entitled
THE BLACK GHOST, OR THE NIGGER TURNED PHYSICIAN.

Mr. Jeremiah Wick, a superstitious tallow-chandler, retired from business.....S. D. Johnson	
Will Sasaly, a young sailor in love with Miss Julia Wick,	Mr. Sutherland
Jim Along Josey, a shoe-black, a physician, and a ghost,	Mr. John Smith
Black Joke.....Picaninny Coleman	
Wentworth.....O. Marshall	Miss Ruth.....Miss Coombs
Tom.....Mr. Locke	Miss Julia.....Miss Sands
Dick.....Mr. Field	Jessy.....Mrs. Groves

A new nautical drama, by a Bostonian, is in active preparation

BASEBALL.

CLUB RECORDS.
THE STAR CLUB OF COVINGTON.

Among the semi-professional organizations of the West, who are considered as amateur clubs only because they do not belong to the Professional Association, the Stars of Covington, Ky., rank high as a strong team, as will be seen from the appended list of their victories, the record of their defeats showing that they were mostly beaten by professional nines. The scores are given in the order of the smallest figure:

VICTORIES.

July 10, Star vs. Ludlow, at Cincinnati	2	to 0
Aug. 2, Star vs. Buckeye, at Columbus	3	2
Aug. 7, Star vs. Ludlow, at Cincinnati	4	2
Aug. 24, Star vs. Eagle, at Louisville	4	3
Sept. 3, Star vs. Ludlow, at Cincinnati	4	3
July 15, Star vs. St. Louis Reds, at Covington	5	3
July 31, Star vs. Milford, at Milford	5	3
Aug. 31, Star vs. Cincinnati, at Covington (13 innings)	5	3
Sept. 11, Star vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati	3	2
June 4, Star vs. Eagle at Cincinnati	6	4
June 16, Star vs. Blue Stocking, at Covington	6	5
Oct. 9, Star vs. Cincinnati, at Cincinnati	7	6
June 5, Star vs. Olympic, at Louisville	7	6
Sept. 28, Star vs. Americus, at Cincinnati	7	6
July 1, Star vs. Olympic, at Cincinnati	6	4
Sept. 4, Star vs. St. Louis Reds, at St. Louis	5	2
July 8, Star vs. Buckeye, at Columbus	3	2
July 9, Star vs. Eckford, at Maysville	3	2
Aug. 28, Star vs. Eagle, at Louisville	10	6
Oct. 7, Star vs. Blue Stockings, at Cincinnati	10	8
Aug. 3, Star vs. Americus, at Cincinnati	10	8
Sept. 23, Star vs. Alert, at Cincinnati	11	1
Aug. 4, Star vs. Buckeye, at Columbus	11	2
June 10, Star vs. Eckford, at Maysville	11	3
June 19, Star vs. Alert, at Cincinnati	12	4
July 24, Star vs. Blue Stocking, at Cincinnati	13	6
June 22, Star vs. Washington, at Cincinnati	12	9
July 29, Star vs. Amateurs, at Cincinnati	13	3
July 2, Star vs. Alert, at Cincinnati	14	1
Aug. 19, Star vs. Eckford, at Cincinnati	15	2
July 26, Star vs. Star Jr., at Cincinnati	15	6
June 26, Star vs. Milford, at Milford	15	11
Sept. 4, Star vs. Mutual, at Middleport	16	6
Oct 12, Star vs. Milford, at Milford	17	6
June 7, Star vs. Capital, at Frankfort	18	6
Oct. 14, Star vs. Americus, at Cincinnati	20	8
Sept. 6, Star vs. Mutual, at Middleport	21	9
June 19, Star vs. Eckford, at Maysville	25	1
Oct. 3, Star vs. Mutual, at Middleport	26	1
July 23, Star vs. Capital, at Frankfort	29	5
June 8, Star vs. Lexington, at Lexington	34	5

DEFEATS.

July 19, Milford vs. Star	3	to 0
Aug. 23, Blue Stocking vs. Star	4	2
June 29, Philadelphia vs. Star	6	0
July 13, Red Stockings of St. Louis vs. Star	7	5
Sept. 18, Ludlow vs. Star	7	5
Aug. 14, Boston vs. Star	8	1
Sept. 30, Star vs. Star	8	3
Aug. 20, Lexington vs. Star	9	3
Sept. 15, St. Louis vs. Star	12	8
Sept. 24, St. Louis vs. Star	17	3
June 10, St. Louis Reds vs. Star	19	0
Aug. 10, Chicago vs. Star	22	9
Sept. 8, Chicago vs. Star	23	10

THE STAR CLUB OF SYRACUSE.

The following is the record of the New York State amateur club for 1875:

VICTORIES.

May 13, Star vs. Resolute, at Watertown	24	to 17
May 31, Star vs. Resolute, at Syracuse	17	6
June 12, Star vs. White Stocking, at Syracuse	51	5
June 24, Star vs. Ithaca, at Syracuse	12	8
June 29, Star vs. Active, at Baldwinville	20	3
July 7, Star vs. Active, at Syracuse	10	4
Aug. 11, Star vs. Lone Star, at Herkimer (10 innings)	7	6
Aug. 12, Star vs. Ilion, at Herkimer	21	16
Aug. 17, Star vs. Ithaca, at Ithaca	12	8
Aug. 20, Star vs. Syracuse, at Syracuse	17	7
Aug. 30, Star vs. Flyaway, at Syracuse	3	2
Sept. 9, Star vs. Franklin, at Auburn	8	5
Oct. 2, Star vs. Rochester, at Rochester	5	2
Oct. 6, Star vs. Franklin, at Syracuse	20	10
Totals	256	100

DEFEATS.

July 1, Live Oak vs. Star, at Watertown	13	to 7
July 2, Flyaway vs. Star, at Watertown	14	12
July 2, St. Lawrence vs. Star, at Watertown	24	6
July 12, Live Oak vs. Star, at Syracuse	16	9
July 19, Rochester vs. Star, at Syracuse	19	4
July 23, Arlington vs. Star, at Syracuse	6	2
July 30, Arlington vs. Star, at Syracuse	8	8
Aug. 9, Boston vs. Star, at Syracuse	17	1
Aug. 17, Cricket vs. Star, at Herkimer	17	10
Aug. 26, New Haven vs. Star, at Syracuse	28	4
Sept. 2, Cricket vs. Star, at Binghamton (10 innings)	6	5
Sept. 3, Flyaway vs. Star, at Syracuse	7	4
Sept. 11, Live Oak vs. Star, at Syracuse	9	6
Sept. 14, Live Oak vs. Star, at Syracuse	8	4
Sept. 16, Live Oak vs. Star, at Rome	4	1
Totals	198	73

RECORD OF THE T. B. F. U. S. CLUB.

The following is the record of the T. B. F. U. S. Club of Bridgeport, Ct. They were defeated but few times by amateur clubs, their principal reverses being in exhibition games with professional nines whom they induced to visit Bridgeport, hoping thereby to attract large gate-money, which they did, also giving the citizens a chance to see some of the best clubs of the country. They defeated one professional club—the Washington—and lost all other games with professionals. They won twenty-six amateur games, and lost only ten. Total number of runs made, 488; opponents, 278. For two successive seasons they have held the championship of Connecticut.

VICTORIES.

May 18, T. B. vs. Washington (professionals)	17	to 7
May 18, T. B. vs. Yale University	4	5
June 10, T. B. vs. Flyaways of Brooklyn	8	4
June 18, T. B. vs. Pavonia of Jersey City	14	2
June 29, T. B. vs. Actives of New York	29	10
July 9, T. B. vs. Bridgeport of Bridgeport	9	8
July 14, T. B. vs. Unions of Bridgeport	11	2
July 15, T. B. vs. Mutual of Meriden	16	3
July 17, T. B. vs. Star of New York	22	0
July 21, T. B. vs. Confidence of New Rochelle	39	5
July 23, T. B. vs. Star of New London	20	12
Aug. 7, T. B. vs. Olympic of Manhattanville	11	3
Aug. 9, T. B. vs. Tuttle & Bailey	10	2
Aug. 10, T. B. vs. Bridgeport of Bridgeport	23	6
Aug. 14, T. B. vs. Star of New London	11	3
Aug. 17, T. B. vs. Lowell of Lowell	9	0
Aug. 21, T. B. vs. Beacon of Boston	9	0
Aug. 23, T. B. vs. Live Oak of Lynn	2	0
Aug. 24, T. B. vs. Rhode Island of Providence	10	3
Sept. 3, T. B. vs. Monitor of Waterbury	9	5
Sept. 4, T. B. vs. Star of New Haven	12	5
Sept. 7, T. B. vs. Echos of Milford	21	7
Sept. 9, T. B. vs. Danbury of Danbury	9	2
Sept. 14, T. B. vs. Danbury of Danbury	16	5
Sept. 21, T. B. vs. Brooklyn of Brooklyn	10	4
Oct. 8, T. B. vs. Sunny Side of Sing Sing	11	1
Oct. 13, T. B. vs. Picked Ten of Bridgeport	23	1
Totals	407	104

DEFEATS.

May 31, Atlantic (prof.) vs. T. B.	8	6
June 10, New Haven (prof.) vs. T. B.	8	5
June 16, Yales of New Haven vs. T. B.	9	0
June 28, New Haven (prof.) vs. T. B.	9	0
June 30, New Haven (prof.) vs. T. B.	11	7
July 1, Boston (prof.) vs. T. B.	17	4
July 6, Unions of Newark vs. T. B.	6	4
July 10, Hartford (prof.) vs. T. B.	6	0
July 28, Olympic of Brooklyn vs. T. B.	9	0
Aug. 5, New Haven (prof.) vs. T. B.	6	0
Aug. 12, New Haven (prof.) vs. T. B.	5	3
Aug. 19, Grafton of Grafton vs. T. B.	9	0
Aug. 25, Lowell of Lowell vs. T. B.	15	7
Aug. 26, Grafton of Grafton vs. T. B.	10	8
Aug. 28, Rose Hill of Waterbury vs. T. B.	12	8
Sept. 23, Boston (prof.) vs. T. B.	12	0
Sept. 28, Live Oak of Lynn vs. T. B.	16	10
Sept. 29, Resolute of Elizabeth vs. T. B.	6	2
Totals	174	81

Total number of games played, 45; won, 27; lost, 18.

ATHLETIC vs. PHILADELPHIA.

The Athletic and St. Louis nines were announced to play together on Oct. 26, on the former's grounds, in Philadelphia; but owing to an alleged misunderstanding on the part of the St. Louis manager as to the date of

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical, and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business filled by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that by a recent change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, *must be prepaid*, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending P. M., MONDAY, Nov. 1,

LADIES' LIST.

Antonino, Mme.
Armstrong, Mrs. Harry
Bartlett, Belle
Barnard, Minnie
Blaisdell, Mrs. Julia Paul
Bowers, Mrs. D. P.
Byron, Lizzie
Burns, Catharine
Boy, Nellie
Breyer, Mary
Barrie, Mrs. Fannie
Bonhill, Louisa
Breyer, Mary
Chambers, Augusta
Creed, Leonora
Celeste, Belle
Clark, Mrs. H. L.
Chase, Mrs. W. S.
Chanfrau, Mrs. F. S.
De Yon, Adele (2)
De Yon, Adele
Dooley, Mrs.
Derere, Mrs. Lou
De Yon, Adele
Dearden, Fannie
Durand, Kittie
Dean, Lillie
Devere, Emma
Davis, Mary
Daly, Polly. (voca-list)
Evans, Mrs. M. F.
Ellsworth, Mrs. C. A.
Engell, Jennie
Fredericks, Mrs. Ike
Florence, Gertie
Forester, Ada (of "Buffalo Bill" Co.)
Fisher, Kate
Francis, Lallie (reciprocal-ist)
Fay, Ada (2)
Granville, Mrs. Gertie (2)
Geary, Mrs.
Gray, Mrs. Alice
Hastings, Kate (of Hastings Sist.)
Herbert, Carrie (2)
Hazel, Flora
Hall, Lillie
Howitt, Belle (2)
Howland, Blanche
Hopkins, Annie
Hopkins, Clara
Harcourt, Mrs. Bees
Gunn, Effie
Kunkel, Mrs. Addie
Kirkwell, Johanna
Kidder, Mrs.
Kelley, Nellie
Kellogg, Alice
Lee, Minnie
Lawrence, Nellie
Lavarnie, Carrie
Lovell, May Willmotte
Lee, Frankie
Louise, Ida
Laurent, Ada
Lee, Jennie 12c.
Lindle, Fannie 3c.
Lamont, Mrs. Jennie
Lehman, Miss A.
May, Clara
Mayo, Ella
May, Fannie
Montford, Annie L.
Miss Florence Mulvey, Lizzie
Morris, Clara
Mosella, Mrs. Mary
Mitchell, Maggie
Milton, Clara
Morgan, Etta
Neal, Mrs.
Olive Mary (variety "biz")
Peterson, Louie
Pankhurst, Louisa
Putnam, Katie
Palmer, Mrs.
Raymond, Lillie
Richmond, Ada
Rena, Miss (comedienne)
Richards, Alice
Robinson, Agnes
Shekell, Mrs. Minnie A.
Sutherland, Agnes
Singleton, Kate
Siddons, Mrs. Scott
Sweet, Mrs. D. J.
Sutor, Helena
St. Clair, Ida
Snow, Mrs. Lizzie
Safford, Lizzie
Stanley, Maude
Swinburne, Marie
Saunders, Ella
Wilson, Jaia
Wilson, Mrs. L.
Weiss, Emma (with Leavitt)
Weston, Lucille
Whitford, Emmie
Woods, Carrie
Warren, Dollie
Yeomans, Mrs.
Zepky, Millie
Zoerner, Anna (4)

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Aldine, Ed.
Ames, Emile
Almonte, Geo.
Ale, Mr. (2)
Atkins, Frank E.
Armstrong, Harry J. (3)
Atkins, Will A. (3)
Adams, Frank (of Adams & Lee)
Allen, Frank (of Allen, Ben F.
Arizona, Charlie (2)
Aubrey, Nick. (2)
Austin, Chas. & Corrie
Brennan, R. A.
Beck, Alfred (agent)
Braham, Harry
Baker, W. (with Fish & Austin)
Belmont, Francis
Beatty, H.
Burt, W. M.
Birdsell, C. (gen't agent)
Bushe, Hiram
Barnholt, Jno.
Brown, Thos. W.
Bartell, Louis
"British Quartette"
Bohnet Family
Beverly, Maj. C. S.
Bailey, Mr. (circus "biz")
Blalock, C. F.
Beeman, E. M.
Bell, Frank
Brown, C. and J. A. Stevens Co.)
Baugh, Thos. (musician)
Boyd, Chas.
Buckley, Murdock
Bristol, Jno. (circus "biz")
Billson, C.
Barnes, Lucien
Bascom, J. T.
Benedict, Lew
Bolger, Tony A.
Ashcroft, Ed. E.
Berry, Cass
Brewster, A.
Bailey, Chas. W.
Branford, S.
Barr, Geo.
Burk, R. B.
Beverly, M. Dramatic Co., Manag.
Beck, E. I.
Cranion, E. B.
Courrie, C. P.
Constantine, Harry
Calleander, Chas.
Cote, A. B.
Cody, W. F. (2)
Chapin, J. C.
Chase & Davis
Carter, Chas.
Cullen, Andrew
Conroy & Daley
Carson, Kit
Carson, Jr., Kit
Cook, Geo. E.
Chilson, Frank "Chirg-Loo"
Cain, Chas.
Clifton, Frank R.
Clark, R. J.
Carsino, A. J.
Collyer, E. (of Collyer & Adams)
Connor, Thos. L.
Casauran, A. R.
Collins, Will (with Heywood Bros.)
Carleton, W. (Park Theatre, Brooklyn)
Correlli, Chas.
Carroll, R. M.
Challinor, Fred
Chanette, Sig.
Comstock, C. W.
Crosby, Abner
Cady, J. (with Heywood Bros.)
Cassell, Thos. (2)
Cassily, R. H.
Carroll, J. (of New Orleans)
Cameron, J. Y.
Cowan, Geo. 6c.
Collum, Andy (comed.)
Cotton, Billy (Dutch "biz")
Chase, W. (of Chase & Davis)
Crane & Norton
Comb., The
Bonce, Ben
Dillon, Ed.
Daniels, Walter A.
Dashington Bros.
Dockstader, Charlie
De Haven, G. W.
D'Ormer, Mons. A. sician
Dumont, Frank (2)
Dudley, Geo. R.
Dee, Jno.
Dixon, H. (of Kellogg Op. Co.)
Dashington, Jerry
Mahoney, A. L.
Dixon, Andrew
Dunham, A. H.
Dunham, G. C.
De Witt, L. O.
Ebbert, Johnny
Edwards, Matt (circus "biz")
Evaris, Louis H.
Eckert, Prof. Jno. (3)
France, Sid C. (2)
Fechner, Chas.
Frank, A.
Fowler, T. S.
Franklin, Harry R.
Fairbanks, Chas.
Forbes, Chas. (manager) (2)
Frost, Frank H.
Fisher, Chas.
Fields, Frank
Farron, Thos. J.
Fleming, W. Chas. A.
Glassford, Ed. (with Washburn) "Gymnast"
Grosbeck, G. F.
Gale, Walter
Guy, Sr., Geo.
Gilson, Elliot
Gordillo, Sig.
Grover, J. Holmes (2)
Griffin, Job D.
Guifer, G. G.
Goldie & Barry
Giroux, Sami.
Griffiths, Edwin
Gaylord, A. S. (3)
Gaylord, Bobby 6c.
Gaylor, Chas.
Hamilton, Thos.
Healy, Jno.
Hart, C. L.
Hernandez, Arthur
Harcourt, G. B.
Hoburg, Casper H.
Hayward, Jr., Mr. (of Heywood Bros.)
Hosler, Arthur
Hirst, W.
Hogan, W. D.
Hicken, Harry 5c.
Heath, Emil
Hart, Paul
Homer, Geo. E.
Heather, H.
Hayes, Chas. H.
Holden, Chas.
Hackett, G. L.
Herring, Ned (of Harrig & Hart)
Hart, J. O.
Homer, Geo.
Hamilton, Theo.
Harris, Geo. (of Georg. Minst.)
Harker, Louis
Hartwell, J. E.
Hussey, The
Hutchinson, Jas. L.
Homer & Holly
Hall, W. A.
Hackett, D. (2)
Hall, Jas. K.
Hack & Rankin
Hall, Jno. H.
Howard, Jno. B.
Hearne, Jas. A. (3)
Herne, J. 6c.
Hamlin, Chas.
Hart, Billy
Howard's Co., Manager, Mrs.
Hall, Tom (with Leona Dare)
Hall, Jno.
Hurdle, Harry
Hooley, R. M.
Henry, Ill (2)
Hoey, Ed. (2)
Irving, H. (of "Buffalo Bill" Co.)
Ingersoll, Chas.
Irwin, Selden "Irish Comedian"
Jerome & Cameron (2)
Joell, Jno.
Jackson, W. H.
Jones, Chas. L.
Jukes, W. L.
"King Sabro"
Kelley, Jno.
Kernell, H. (Irish comed.)
Kain, Jos. (of Shay's Co.)
Kemble, J. R.
King, Chas. H.
Kirk, Bobby F. (2)
Kernell, Johnny
King, Frank (scenic-artist)
Kent, Chas.
Kelly, Ed.
Kearney & Moran
Leslie, L. (of The Leslies)
Lucas, S. (of Georg. Minst.) 5c.
Lee, Frank (clown)
Lloyd, W. (late of op-house, Troy)
Lee, H. C.
Lenton Bros.
Laine, J. H.
Lennon, Jno. (circus "biz") (2)
Little, Chas. (2)
Love, Valentine
Lavarnie, Frank
Leslie, Harry (2)
Lusbie, Ben
Le Clair, Jno.
Lynch, J. C.
Levin, Lew (2)
Le Grand,— (rocalist)
Lanniar, W. M. "Musical"
Mitchell & Sheldon
Miller, A. G.
Mackey, Edward
Matthews, C. C.
Miller, J. F. (circus "biz")
Mason, Ned
Moak, Jno. A.
Manley, Tony P.
Murdy, Sam
McCollum, Andy (comed.)
McDonald, B. A. (2)
McKenzie, J. Fred
McNassy, Hugh
Mack, Wm.
Misco & Ashton
Manning, Billy
Mervin, Wm.
Melville, W. T.
Nasaroo, Theo.
Martin, Felix Jas.
Mahoney, Jas. L.
Merrick, Alfred
Merrine, Geo.
Mitchell, Prof. (fire-king)
Misco, W. (of Misco Bros.)
Melville, Maginley & Co.
McGinnis, Chas.
Maguire, Ben (2)
Miller, Bruce
Macombe, Fred
Melville, Harry (vocalist)
Murray, Jno. (of Murray & Murphy)
Matthews, G. (clogtist)
Morris, Thos. (song-and dancer)
McDermott, J. J.
Moore, Master Eddie
Moulton, F. (of Rothchild's Cir.)
Murphy, Mose (of Adelp Chicago)
Mendel, Harry
MacKvoy, Chas.
Murphy, Jno. (of Murp. & Mack) 6c.
McCutcheon, C. H. (2)
Mack, Dick
Morris, Tim
Marvon, Theophil's Mass, Chas.
Messenger, Jas.
Masters, J. E.
Mulligan, Jas. H.
Norton, Jno. S.
Neary, Jas. (song-and-dance)
Norton, Joe (juggler)
Nash, Dan
Nan, Chas.
Nason, Frank
Nowland, E. D.
O'Lynn, Bryan
Ott, Fritz
Osbold, Josh. E.
Organ, Wm.
Orrin Bros.
O'Rourke, Mat.
Pendy, Jno.
Peirce, Jno.
Peirce, A. L. G.
Peters, Jas. F.
Powers, Jno. H.
Parker, Louis
Perry, Capt. C. M.
Page, R. S.
Pond, Fred H.
Queen, Montgomery
Radcliff, Jas.
Rivers, Frank (circus "biz")
Reilley, Harry C.
Raymond, Jno. F.
Rinsky, Jno.
Rapier, Jno.
Rankin, McKee
Rowell, Wm.
Roberts, Stephen
Reider, Nicky
Ryan, J. H. (Irish comed.)
Roberts, W. (of Magnley & Co.'s Cir.)
Riley, Jno. (juggler)
Rielly, J. (song-and-dancer)
Rooney, "Pat"
Rowe, Jno.
Riley, Wm.
Robinson, Wm.
Rowland, Jas.
Stevens, Geo. (musician)
Smith, Dunk H. (2)
Sweeney, R. B. (2)
Shay, Charlie (2)
Sturgis, Chas. J.
Stevens, J. Ogden
Smith, Sam (of Georg. Minst.) (2)
Spaulding, W. (Bell Leavitt)
Sleeper, N. H.
steele, Geo. W.
Smith, D. H.
Stanton, Wm.
Scott, A. R.
Stutiz, Jno. Geo.
Sweet, J. D.
Shriver, Jno. W.
Shelley, Chas.
Stowe, Chas. H.
Shields, J. H.
Shirley, A. J.
Shaw, Geo. T.
Sage, Morris
Sharp, Jno. (with J. A. Stevens)
Skelding, Geo. (artist)
Stewart, J. C. ("Fatty")
Spencer, Chas. (gymnast) (5)
St. Felix Ballet Troupe
Spaulding's Bell-ringers, Manag.
Stewart, T. A. (circus "biz")
Swinburne, J. B.
Smith, S. S.
Schofield, Fred S. 17c.
Smith, W. A.
Snow, Lew
Sherwood, W. M.
Stephens, Jno. A.
Thornton, Chas.
Thiem's Band, Manag. of Taylor, C. W. (of S. Queen & Cir.)
Taylor, Prof. E. C. (3)
Tayleure, C. W. (manager)
Talmon, W.
Templeton, Jno.
Vincent, Chas.
Villiers, Dr. J. J.
Vila, Sam S.
Vincent, Mr.
Williams, Tony
Wentworth, Walter
Wheeler, Chas. F.
Wilcox, Harry
Weller, Eugene A.
Wilson, Lew
Waite, Harry
Williams, Gus
Wood, Frank
Woods, Geo. W.
Williams, L. Percy (2)
Wilson, L. (of Wilson Bros.)
Williams, J. "Lasher" and "Leader"
Watson, J. (of Nottingham, Eng.)
Wilson, W. H. (of Bryant's Min'tls, 3c.
Washburn, E. S. (3)
Whitney, F. (ventriloquist)
Walters, Charlie
Woodland, N.
Walsh, Chas. A.
Ware, Geo. (2)
Wight, Ed. (2)
Williams, Barney 3c.
Weiter, E. O.
Waldron, D. G.
Wilson, Lewis
Young America (2)
Yates, Ben
Zebold, Geo. (concert "biz")

INTRODUCTORY OVERTURE.

MONDAY, Nov. 1, '75.

We are all wild with excitement. This is the eve of one of the most interesting local elections ever held in this great city, and all classes seem to look upon the struggle as one fraught with unusual importance. That the canvass has had a marked injurious effect upon our theatrical business can be seen boldly outlined upon the sad and uncongenial features of our managers as they solemnly pass us by. But the backbone of this campaign is well nigh broken; and with the close of the current week hostilities will have ceased, and the Tammany lion and the Anti-Tammany lamb will again fraternize as of old, and lie down together in pleasant "places," which in the years gone by have proved to be "placers" of great renown and richness.....Edwin Booth received a cordial welcome on the occasion of his debut at Daly's Theatre; but his gloomy Pescara over the audience cast a gloom he did not anticipate when he presented it on the 28th of October, and which required all the eloquence and fire of his Hamlet to dispel. It seems very strange to see tragedy in this home of the contemporaneous drama of human interest; and to say that the members of the company appear ill at ease in their new departure and new clothes is but the general expression of the brotherhood of theatre-goers. Clara Morris comes after Booth, and then the Fifth-avenue and its troupe will seem more at home with each other, and to the public at large. .....Equally odd is it to see George Fox and the comical "Humpty Dumpty" reveling on Booth's stage, where tragedy erstwhile sought a home, if it did not find it; but the change was made easy and gradual by intervening attractions, for Rignold's Macbeth and Clara Morris' Lady Macbeth savored of the comic element as well as of the bloodthirsty; and both of those favorite performers there learned a lesson which may profit them in the time to come.....A new lecturer has entered the field in the person of a gentleman named *Horn*. This Horn blows the keynote to the "Art of Drumming." [No, James, it is not your kind of drumming he treats of, but *commercial* drumming, chasing up trade the dry-goods and other trade-marks; though at the same time the questionable devices used by these commercial travelers to secure orders may not inappropriately be termed *snare*-drumming as well as *bear* drumming.].....The world will learn with surprise, by reading a card among our business notices, that the great showman P. T. Barnum is about to dispose of the large collection of wild and untamed animals and other property comprising his Hippodrome and World's Fair. But we cannot pretend to believe that Mr. B. is to give up the show-business. Not at all. More than likely is it that he is contemplating some great exhibit on an anti-pattern to the opening of the Centennial in Fairmount Park. Should this surmise be correct, Barnum will be bearding the lion with his Forepaugh in his own den. Let us wait and watch.....We don't know what to think that our compositor who is always doing something to lead us astray and mortify us. The other day we received an advertisement of Hill's Opera-house, Fairbault, Minn., the same card referring to the many good hotels at that place, and also saying that "the Lorson is the best." With the private opinion of our compositors we have nothing to do; but when one of our typesetters attempts to make this card read that "the *barroom* is the best," we must enter our solemn protest, and give the afflicted one notice to quit, should the offense be repeated. .....Talking of this house the past week, reminds us of a manager who, when his house was always full, was heard to exclaim: "*Tiers, idle tiers! I know not what they mean!*" There have been a good many idle tiers since the election canvass set in, and it is not difficult to make managers know what they mean. .....Olive Logan lectures on "Girls," and her remarks are very amusing, as well as edifying. In this connection we may be pardoned if we devote a small space to

JIM'S TRIBUTE TO GURLS.

O winning! in our *one* of one,
Thy fragrant face was at my side when I
I rode was wunst, a fare yung gal—
She lifted in shops, and had a "pal"—
Her name was Gerald, and mine is Jim,
And wasnt of food made his hair kwite pale.
So she (jist lissen, yu wimming haters)
She took and sent her *pal perdition*.
.....When Honey comes he is to be cast as Eccles in "Caste," and then there will be sweets for the sweet, provided this latest importation is not cast down by the fate which attended the appearances of Julia Mathews at the same house.....A girl away out in Ohio, and whose maiden name was Emma, but of the Romeo and Juliet persuasion, sends us the appended sweetly-scented note, which we hasten to lay before our readers:

If Frank Mayo was a young, unmarried man—which, of course, you know he isn't—the point it were better that our dear correspondent should look upon him as leading a life of single blessedness, if it will make her the happier.—ED. CLIP.]—why is it that no young lady need have any fear in accepting him as her husband? Because she might be sure that he would always *keep the wolf from the door!* .....William Florence, up at the Park Theatre, thinks that the election will be carried "by a large majority." In confidence, we give this away to our readers as a good thing to bet on.....One of the latest works in press is said to be "Sullivan Finished," by the author of "Davenport Dunn." "What was it Davenport done?" We can't say, Jimmy; but less "unscrupulous journalists" would tell you that he *finished Sullivan!*.....The Lester, Allen, Smith and Waldron team at Tony Pastor's make a "big 4" in hand, and will rival the aristocratic Four-in-hand Club that we hear so much about....An "Inquiring Mind" wishes to know whether Moody and Sankey are not injuring the drama in this vicinity. We think not. Sankey's sweet singing may interfere with opera and other musical entertainments; but if Mr. Moody's efforts are not calculated to hurt the theatres. Neither will the theatre be an obstacle in the way of the evangelists; they each run in widely different grooves, and cannot very easily prove antagonistic to one another. Mr. Moody can do; and is doing, much good in his own humble way; but were he to turn actor, and assert his own calling, he would fall to rise no more. It is like a theatrical manager trying to run a newspaper; in his own vocation he may succeed; but when he attempts to manage a theatre and a newspaper at the same time, the result is disaster and final ruin to both. A friend of an "Inquiring Mind;" Moody and Sankey are not hurting the drama.....Although striking likenesses are among the attractions that some actors and actresses rely upon, nevertheless it is a singular fact that almost *everybody leaves a bad "impression" at the photographer's*. Would it be the right thing to call a fashionable audience at the Italian Opera a *neck's position* of our bosom friends?.....

"Our Jim" is a strange mixture of good and bad. In order to draw him out the other day, someone inquired of him as to what struck the "big guns" of Brooklyn should reside in. This seemed to be a poser, and the youth had *big gun* to despair of an answer, when he suddenly exclaimed: "*Ah! Tillary street,*" and disappeared.....This being the dancing season, you may feel under obligation to us if we instruct you in the easiest mode of *doing the Lancers!* which is by cheating the police, who have been equally well filled to witness the mesmerizing of his calisthenic abilities, and their support and encouragement in his future. This state of feeling was manifested by repeated and long-sustained applause, which seemed to give token that their hearts were in the right place when he first appeared upon the stage, and prompted them to recall him after his first exit from the mimic scene, and several times at the end of every act in which he appeared. The excellence of Mr. Booth's impersonation of Hamlet needs no comment, as too patent to our readers to need any comment further than to say that it was fully up to its highest point of excellence. Traces of his recent accident were visible in his left arm, the use of which he is at present almost entirely deprived of; still, he manages to keep it in the position, and it is not thought to materially mar his appearance. The tragedy was mounted with new scenery and costumes, and the general effect was excellent. The support by the stock company was not entirely satisfactory, the acting being uneven, and many of the performers were evidently laboring under the disadvantage of remarks were the Polonius of C. Fisher, and the Gravedigger of W. Davidge. A company collected together with the view of presenting society-plays could hardly be expected to excel in tragedy; and, as all endeavored to do their best, it would be possibly unjust to criticise their efforts too closely. "Hamlet" was given during the week, save on Thursday and Saturday nights, when "The Apostate" was presented. The attendance continued very large on the Hamlet nights, but there was a marked falling-off on Thursday, owing to the public apathy for such old-time theatrical. "Richelieu" is to be given Nov. 1, 2, and Mr. Booth will act Iago in "Othello" 3.

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G. L. FOX and his pantomime troupe began an engagement at Booth's Theatre on Oct. 25, appearing in "Humpty Dumpty in Every Clime," which was then performed for the first time on any stage, and with the following cast:

IMMORTALS.

Flute.....Thos. Chapman
Grampus.....Harry Morgan
Charibesse.....Geo. Rhinlet

Charles Imp.....Geo. Topack
Brilliant.....Miss M. Temple

MORTALS.

Humpty Dumpty...G. L. Fox
Old One Two...Robert Fraser
Tommy Tucker...C. W. Ravel
Little Goody Two Shoes.....
Miss L. Bushell
Captain Stanchion...Woodward
Clown.....G. L. Fox
Pantaloon.....Robt. Fraser

Henry Augustus Upright.....
F. Kynock
Monkey.....Geo. Topack
Mr. Beadey.....Geo. Green
Mr. Doseren, Miss Whitford's Harlequin...C. Winter Ravel
Columbine.....Louise Boshell

The pantomime was mounted with freshly painted scenery from the pencils of W. Voegtlin and Matt. Morgan (the latter, however, furnishing, we believe, but one scene), and new properties, appointments and mechanical effects by Wm. Vail and Robert J. Cutler. The entire music was composed, adapted and arranged by Signor Operti. Most of the tricks and transformations are new, and those that have been seen before have been freshly arranged, so as to partake of the nature of novelty. Two acts are devoted to pantomime and one to introduced attractions. The burlesque opening, which is in rhyme, contains many effective hits at local affairs, which took well, and proved to be much better written than similar productions hitherto listened to. Signor Operti's music is no small feature of the programme, being composed of taking and popular airs. George L. Fox, though appearing a little jaded, is still an excellent artist, and the effects that he produces by his facial acting are as remarkable as ever. When detected in his tricks the look of injured innocence that he assumes, coupled with the sly wink at the audience, is certain to elicit peals of merry laughter. Robert Fraser, who made his first appearance in this city in the character of Pantaloon, proved to be an accomplished artist, and no small share of the credit for the success of the pantomime is due to his excellent acting. Clown and Pantaloon are indispensable to each other in producing their effects, and they must be actuated by a kind of magnetic sympathy. Although Pantaloon appears as a shambling old man, it is necessary that he should possess all the activity, quickness and agility of the Clown in order to give due effect to the acting of the latter. These Mr. Fraser possesses in an eminent degree, and Mr. Fox has been fortunate in securing his aid. Charles W. Ravel's abilities as a graceful and satirical Harlequin are well known, and Miss Louise Boshell made a pretty and dashing Columbine. The minor characters thoroughly understood their duties, and materially aided in the harmony of the entire production. The varied attractions presented in the second act were of a high degree of merit. Mlle. Lucia and the Orrin Brothers performed a series of acrobatic feats which, for skill, grace and daring, have seldom been seen upon the lyrical stage. Kynock and Smith gave their familiar feats of roller-skating, and evinced marked improvement since they were last seen in this city. Little Todd, who made his metropolitan debut, is a handsome boy of some nine or ten years of age, who performs the most difficult acrobatic and contortion feats with all the ease and grace of a veteran performer, and by his facial expression seems to possess intelligence far beyond his years. After giving a brief exhibition of his skill upon the trapeze stage, he climbed to the top of a pedestal some six or seven feet high, which stood upon a table, the top of which was about four feet above the stage-floor. Standing upon the revolving top of this pedestal, which could not have been more than eight inches in diameter, he performed a series of most difficult contortion and equilibrist acts, balancing with balancing himself in an inverted position, using his right hand only for support, while he played an air on the piccolo, using his left hand only to govern the vents. He was greeted with the most fervid applause, and several times recalled. Edward Harlow, Durand and his metropolitan dog, Jack, and sang several popular songs, which met with favor. He has a tenor voice of much power and sweetness, and sufficiently cultivated for the purposes for which he uses it. During the third act of the pantomime he appeared attired in the garb of the Italian minstrel, and in a manner well performed quite effectively an aria from "Il Trovatore" on the oboe. Miss Louise Boshell gave some attractive feats upon the slack-wire, which received marked approval, and the Orrin Brothers closed this portion of the entertainment with a series of difficult acrobatic somersaulting, pirouettes and somersaults from shoulder to shoulder, and terminating with a head-to-head balance, which were lavishly applauded. Although all of the scenery was superior to any other hitherto seen in the mounting of pantomimes in this city, special attention should be directed to the opening scene, depicting the abode of Pluto, and to the final series of pictures, entitled "The Centennial Celebration." A painting covering the entire proscenium opening is first seen, which represents the old Father Time seated upon a globe, surrounded with lurid clouds, above which appear the figures 1776 and thirteen white stars. As this picture is raised out of the view of the spectators, we see a capital picture of Independence Hall, Philadelphia; and, after this is withdrawn, we are presented with a colossal representation of the bell which pealed forth liberty throughout the land. On its base are the words "Proclaim Liberty," and near these is seen a large crack in the bell. On either side is a group of American flags. This being removed, an excellent copy, colossal size, of a painting representing the signing of the Declaration of Independence, is revealed; and that passing from view, an animated allegorical tableau occupying the entire stage. In the centre, at the rear of the stage, is a colossal American eagle, and above it in a semicircle are allegorical figures representing our industries—commerce and agriculture. Upon the stage-right, a tableau moves on the stage in which a number of people are seated in a large howdah, upon the back of an elephant. This is followed by a tableau moving on from the stage-left, showing American hunters in the act of capturing a huge bison. Then follows from the right a large marble statue with a sculptor at work upon it, while the latter has posed the living model. This is met from the left by a number of small boys clad in Continental uniform, who group themselves effectively as the final curtain descends. The pantomime has achieved a pronounced success, and attracted large audiences during the week.

HOOLEY'S, for an absence of two years, reappeared on the local stage at the Fifth-avenue Theatre on Oct. 25, acting Hamlet in the presence of a large and brilliant audience, which filled the auditorium in every part. His reception was most cordial and enthusiastic, and there were reasons why many of the best citizens and most ardent admirers of his artistic abilities should congratulate him. His recent financial embarrassment, resulting from endeavoring to establish a first-class theatre in our midst, and more recently the terrible accident he met with at Cos Cob, excited popular sympathy in his favor, and the office of minister have been equally well filled to witness the mesmerizing of his calisthenic skill; but an endeavor was made on the part of those present to assure him of their sympathy in his afflictions, and their support and encouragement in his future. This state of feeling was manifested by repeated and long-sustained applause, which seemed to give token that their hearts were in the right place when he first appeared upon the stage, and prompted them to recall him after his first exit from the mimic scene, and several times at the end of every act in which he appeared. The excellence of Mr. Booth's impersonation of Hamlet needs no comment, as too patent to our readers to need any comment further than to say that it was fully up to its highest point of excellence. Traces of his recent accident were visible in his left arm, the use of which he is at present almost entirely deprived of; still, he manages to keep it in the position, and it is not thought to materially mar his appearance. The tragedy was mounted with new scenery and costumes, and the general effect was excellent. The support by the stock company was not entirely satisfactory, the acting being uneven, and many of the performers were evidently laboring under the disadvantage of remarks were the Polonius of C. Fisher, and the Gravedigger of W. Davidge. A company collected together with the view of presenting society-plays could hardly be expected to excel in tragedy; and, as all endeavored to do their best, it would be possibly unjust to criticise their efforts too closely. "Hamlet" was given during the week, save on Thursday and Saturday nights, when "The Apostate" was presented. The attendance continued very large on the Hamlet nights, but there was a marked falling-off on Thursday, owing to the public apathy for such old-time theatrical. "Richelieu" is to be given Nov. 1, 2, and Mr. Booth will act Iago in "Othello" 3.

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AT COTTON & REED'S MINSTRELS, the first-part, with the exception of the overture and finale, was completely changed last week. Charles Templeton sang "Dreaming of Olden Days;" W. Raymond, a new song, called "Father, Bring Home Your Money To-night;" Dave Reed, "Daffney, Do You Love Me Yet?" J. W. Lamont, "Come Again, Happy Days." Ben Cotton, "Will Jones;" and J. J. Kelly, a new song, entitled "I Dearly Love to Ramble." In the olio, Cotton and Birdine gave a double clog-dance, W. Raymond sang a ballad, J. D. Griffen was seen in a plantation sketch named "Old Uncle Fish," and the afterpiece of "Quiet Lodgings" and "Mme. Angot's Kids" were revived. Bob Hart withdrew from the company on Oct. 23, and in the closing sketch the character hitherto acted by him has since been performed by J. W. Lamont. Business not encouraging.

AT THE EAGLE THEATRE, the only change in the company was the substitution of W. Gaylord for Little Mac in the character of the monkey in "Robinson Crusoe," the latter having fallen from the top of a house on the stage on the night of Friday, Oct. 22, and sustained a compound fracture of the arm. The opening sketch was changed to "The Musical Academy," and the inaugural song and chorus was omitted. The attendance has been light. On Friday evening ten rows of seats extending across the entire parquet were wholly unoccupied.

MRS. W. G. JONES, a popular actress with the residents of the east side of the town, returned to the scenes of her former triumphs on Oct. 25, commencing an engagement of one week's duration at the Bowery Theatre, and receiving a hearty and cordial welcome. She acted on Oct. 25, 26, in "The Hop-pickers," with which "Mr. and Mrs. Peter White" was given; 27, 28, "Jack Sheppard" and "Sketches in India;" 29, 30, "A Woman of the World" and "Dick the Newsboy." The average attendance was good.

THE FRANK FRAYNE COMBINATION acted to good attendance in "Si Slocum," at Wood's Museum, during the past week, and at the matinees the stock company performed "The Hidden Hand." Little Frankie Frayne received a benefit at the Sa

MISS MAY HOWARD, an actress new to Louisville, Ky., commenced a week's engagement at Macauley's Theatre on Oct. 25, opening in "The Geneva Cross." She possesses personal beauty, both of face and form, and as a light-comedy actress she undoubtedly would succeed; but for heavier characters she lacks force and concentration. The support given by the stock company was remarkably good throughout, and special praise should be given to Miss McClellan as Martagen, F. Bosworth as Pierre Le Brun, E. T. Goodrich as Molineau, barring his peculiar gasp, and W. H. Griffith as Riel Du Bourg. "Solid Silver" was produced on Wednesday and Thursday evenings, and "The Wandering Heir" on Friday and Saturday. John T. Raymond opens Nov. 1 as Col. Sellers. Advices of Oct 28.

ROLLIN HOWARD publishes in another column vacant dates for which he can be engaged to produce the dramas of "Baffled" and "Charlotte Temple." He also offers $500 for a three-act national drama.

E. L. DAVENPORT, supported by a company composed of J. W. Albaugh, R. C. Pope, W. F. Edwards, Louis Meredith, Eugene Eberle, T. H. Vinson, C. W. Rawlings, Harry Albaugh, Miss C. M. Rasmon and Mrs. Oliver, is to play in Pittsfield, Mass., Nov. 1, Hartford, Ct., 2, Springfield, Mass., 3, New Haven 4, Waterbury, Ct., 5, Cohoes, N. Y., 6.

MUSICAL.

DR. HANS VON BULOW is announced to appear in one concert at Bridgeport, Ct., Nov. 11.

FRED TILLOTSON, second violinist and solo-alto player, advertises for an engagement.

SOL SMITH RUSSELL desires us to state that he has not left the Berger Family, but is engaged with them for a season of forty weeks.

'WHEN MY SHIP COMES IN" is the title of a new song published by Roe Stephens of Detroit, Mich.

THE BERGER FAMILY and Sol Smith Russell performed in Nashville, Tenn., Oct. 29, 30, going thence to Knoxville Nov. 1, 2, Chattanooga 3, Rome, Ga., 4, Atlanta 5, 6, Griffin 8, Macon 9, 10, Savannah 11, 12, 13.

"LET THE GOLD AND SILVER MINGLE," a new song and chorus by P. W. Turnbull, can be obtained of Gordon & Son, publishers, advertised elsewhere.

THE MUSIC OF THE DAY, arranged for orchestra, reed and brass bands, is issued by A. M. Schacht & Co., music publishers. See card.

F. JOSEPH GRUBICH died in Williamsport, Pa., Oct. 23. During the season of 1864-5 he played the clarionet in the orchestra of the Holliday-street Theatre, Baltimore, Md., and subsequently was connected with various traveling companies. During a portion of the war he was attached to the 8th U. S. Infantry Band. His funeral took place Oct. 25, and was largely attended by the brass bands and musical societies of the town.

THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Indianapolis, Ind., is advertised to rent Nov. 8 and 22.

AN OXY-CALCIUM STEREOPTICON, with chemicals, lime-light, tank, etc., and one hundred views are offered cheap by F. W. Reed, as his advertisement.

MASONIC TEMPLE, Nashville, Tenn., can be rented through the agent, Wm. King, as per card. It will seat twelve hundred, and is furnished with a new stage, new scenery, etc.

CROSBY OPERA-HOUSE, Fremont, Neb., has a seating capacity of eight hundred, and is furnished with a stage, dressing-rooms, scenery, etc. Parties desiring to rent it or play on sharing terms can address the proprietor, as per advertisement.

BANJOS, books of instruction, etc., can be obtained of J. J. Bogan, teacher, who advertises in another column.

I. DU VEAU directs the particular attention of professionals to his card, offering to write to order sketches, songs, dramas, etc.

PROF. J. N. GOODALL JR., solo violinist, trick imitator and pianist, assisted by E. A. Tilton, piano accompanyist, can be engaged by addressing as per card

THE MEXICAN JUVENILE OPERA COMPANY, under the direction of J. F. Zimmerman, made their reappearance in Philadelphia at the Walnut-street Theatre, on the afternoons of Oct. 26, 27, 28 and 29. Barbiere's opera of "Robinson Crusoe" was given for the first time in Philadelphia at the matinee on the 27th, the programme for the other performances consisting of Offenbach's "Grand Duchess." The admirable acting and singing of this cleverly-trained troupe attracted large audiences.

MLLE. TITIENS' third concert in Philadelphia was given on the evening of Oct. 27 at the Academy of Music, the attendance exhibiting a slight improvement on that of the preceding concerts.

THE BOSTON PHILHARMONIC CLUB performed in Erie, Pa., Oct. 25, Jamestown, N. Y., 26, Meadville 27, Painesville, O., 28, Buffalo, N. Y., 29, 30.

MLLE. TITIENS, who was announced to sing in a second and farewell concert at the Brooklyn Academy of Music on Oct. 29, did not, for the reason that less than 2,000 worth of seats and no admissions were sold during the entire three days previous to the above mentioned date. The house was closed and the money refunded.

J. N. PATTISON gave the fourth and final one of his musical lectures and piano forte-recitals at the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, L. I., on Oct. 30. His subject was "Music at Home, or How to Play and How not to Play." The series has been very enjoyable, instructive, and well patronized.

THE NICOLAO PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY produced the opera of "La Favorita" (without costume or scenery) at the Detroit Opera-house Oct. 27 to a crowded house. The chorus was well sung, but the orchestra was not up to the mark, marring some of the beautiful effects of the soloists. Miss Maggie Lindsay as Leonora, Mr. Ed. Scovel as Fernando, and John Boice as Baldassare, each and all acquitted themselves with great credit, and Sig. Nicolao may feel proud of his Philharmonics.

A FIRST VIOLINIST, cornet-player, and a pianist are open for engagements, especially in the variety business. See Max Heater's card.

OLE ALLERUP, leader of band and orchestra, is prepared to negotiate with responsible managers, and can be addressed as per advertisement.

A FIRST-CLASS VIOLINIST, comic singer and dancer, and a first-class pianist, all of whom can double in brass, are wanted by Barry Carter, whose address will be found in another column.

THE KELLOGG TROUPE appeared Monday night, Oct. 25, at the Boston Theatre in the popular "Mignon," and, says our correspondent, "as this is probably the only taste we shall have of opera this season, business has been very good. On Tuesday 'The Huguenots' was given, 'Bohemian Girl' Wednesday, and on Thursday 'The Lily of Killarney' for the first time in Boston. Last night, 29th, 'Ernani' was presented, and this afternoon, 30th, 'The Bohemian Girl' is in course of representation. Next (this) week is the second and last week of the troupe, and the same will be as follows: Monday, 'Faust;' Tuesday, 'Trovatore;' Wednesday afternoon, 'Martha;' evening, 'Martha;' Thursday, 'Marriage of Figaro;' and Friday 'Fra Diavolo,' for Miss Kellogg's benefit. ..... Von Bulow gives his last musical this afternoon, 30th, in Music Hall ..... Titiens appears in Music Hall Monday, Tuesday and Friday of next (this) week ..... Theodore Thomas begins his series of symphony concerts Nov. 17 ..... Father Ware and the Old Folks give a concert in Music Hall Nov. 10."

VARIETY HALLS.

IN MEMORIAM.

Lettie Montford, Vocalist,
WHO DIED IN DALLAS, TEXAS, OCT. 12, 1875.

Another of Earth's brightest flowers
Has faded from our sight;
Death o'er her fair and lovely form
Hath cast its withering blight.
That one so young, so beautiful,
Alas! so soon should die—
Her talents rare but budded here
To blossom in the sky.
How sweet her soul-entrancing voice!
'Twas ecstacy to hear!
'Twould make the saddest heart rejoice,
The most despondent cheer.
But here below we'll hear no more
Her exquisite refrains;
For she has joined the heavenly choir
To sing angelic strains. FRANK STEELE.

Globe Theatre, N. Y., Oct. 28.

AT HOWARD'S GLOBE THEATRE, New Orleans, La., the business has been good. The new appearances since our last report embraced Miss Antoinette Sevoy, serio-comic, a young lady with a fine voice, who was several times recalled; Signor Antoine Bernardo, musical performer; and Barry Maxwell, Ethiopian sketches. Departures: Kelly and Lynch, to Galveston. To leave Oct. 30: The Vienna Combination and Miss Jennie Campbell. To open Nov. 1: Mlle. Ross, Lizzie Warren, and a Parisian ballet troupe..... The new appearances at the Gaiety Theatre Oct. 25 were Miss Ida Devere, dancer, and Miss Ella Stowe, serio-comic.

WASHBURN'S LAST SENSATION is to show in Southington, Ct., Nov. 3, Bristol 4, Wolcottville 5, Waterbury 6, Ansonia 8, Bridgeport 9, and Norwalk 10.

BUSINESS CONTINUES GOOD at the Vaudeville Theatre, Louisville, Ky., where people were turned away on Oct. 25, unable to gain admission. The new arrivals consisted of the Bryants Brothers, who appeared in their double-clog, and were repeatedly encored. Adams and Ransom, who won great applause in their songs of Dutchland, are decidedly the best dialect song-and-dance men that have visited this city this season. The Bennett Sisters—Lulu and Marie—were well received in their Highland dances. Sadie and Billy Hixson made the hit of the week in their act "Barney's Courtship," which had to be repeated nightly. The Two Haleys, in songs-and-dances, received a fair share of applause; and deservedly so, as they are clever performers. Miss Lizzie Warren, who commenced this week's engagement Oct. 18, closed 23, her business not proving satisfactory. She departed for New Orleans 30. Miss Anna Hall departs for Philadelphia, John Manning for New Orleans, Maggie and Billy Ray for St. Louis, the Haleys for St. Louis, and Susie Starr, destination unknown. Correspondence dated Oct. 28.

LIGHT BUSINESS is becoming a chronic complaint at the Adelphi, Chicago, Ill. The olio has been short, but good, composed of Mlle. Lea, La Petite Rosa, the Lenton Family, Pressley and Hughes, and Mrs. George Ware. The olio is followed by the drama "Through by Daylight," with W. T. Melville as Mickey Carrigan. "Lispet," a drama by Camille Mardilson, which has been in elaborate preparation for some time, is to be produced on Nov. 9, the theatre being closed Monday night for a dress-rehearsal. Maurice Pike has been engaged as stage manager at the Adelphi. The following ladies and gentlemen will be in the cast. Mat. V. Lingham, W. T. Melville, Maurice Pike, T. J. Lavgdon, Harry Lyner, C. Ferris, H. Little, H. E. Murry, E. L. Haward, Nell Gray, Frank Wallace, Master Wilkins, Mrs. H. Rynes, and the Misses Kate Meek, Millie Sackett, Tillie Malvern, Tillie Marble, and Ella Hunt. There will be no olio next (this) week. The departures are Pressley and Hughes and Mlle. Lea, to Grand Rapids, Mich., for two weeks; Zoe, to New York. The Wares and Lenton Family have formed a co-partnership, and will go to Australia, via Omaha and San Francisco. Letter of Oct. 29.

DIBOLO, fire-king, is prepared to accept engagements, and can be addressed as per advertisement.

CLARK BROS., speciality artists, are requested to address "First-class Manager," care of this office.

VARIETY PERFORMERS and musicians who can play brass are advertised for by Lew Woodward, manager of Woodward's London Comique Company.

THE GRAHAMS—Harry and Minnie—sketch artists, can be addressed care of this office.

ROBT. FOX requests all parties making application for engagements at the American Theatre, Philadelphia, to send their private addresses.

PROF. GUS HARTZ, magician, brother of M. Hartz, who has retired from the profession, states that he is ready to take the road with one of the finest magical entertainments in the world. Managers will find further particulars in our advertising department.

THE LENTON FAMILY of acrobats and Mrs. George Ware's Comic-opera Company have combined to give entertainments west of Omaha, Neb., to San Francisco, Cal., and parties desiring to arrange with them for vacant dates can address as per card.

EMMERSON AND CLARE, now performing at the Adelphi Theatre, Buffalo, N. Y., open at the Grand Central Theatre, Philadelphia, Nov. 15, for two weeks, and managers desiring to engage them can address as above.

THE CONTINENTS are wanted for the ballet at the Theatre Comique, St. Louis, Mo. See Sig. Tito Cellini's card.

CINCINNATI VARIETY ITEMS are sent as follows by our correspondent, who dates Oct. 29: "At the National Theatre Comique the new appearances this week have been C. T. Nichols, Guy Linton, Lucy Adams, and the Onzalo Brothers; Ada Laurent, Emma Bretto, Satsuma and All-Right remaining over, in addition to the regular company. Mr. Nichols performed in his melodrama 'The Shadow Detective,' a hash-up of scenes from 'Oliver Twist' and other plays which is very effective, however. Guy Linton in character songs, and Lucy Adams in serio-comic vocalisms, were very successful. When James Douglass was prevented, as related below, from appearing in 'The Shadow Detective,' Mr. Linton took a long character part at an hour's notice, and played it well. The Onzalo Brothers are good trapeze artists. One of them fell on Monday evening, but was not seriously injured. The departures 30 are Emma Bretto, for Nashville; Satsuma and All-Right, for Baltimore; Ada Laurent and C. T. Nichols. Next week come Charles Foster in 'The Devil's Oath,' Clark Brothers, and Griffin and Rice ..... James Douglass, stage-manager of the National. Edward Dowling, its private watchman, and two others, were arrested on the night of the 26th, charged with the murder of Henry C. Johnson. The evidence at the preliminary hearing on the 29th thoroughly exculpated Mr. Douglass, who was discharged, the others being held to answer ..... At the Grand Central Theatre the new appearances this week have been Prof. Mitchell, fire-demon; 'Cincinnatus,' a graceful song-and-dance artist; Lottie Brown, serio-comic vocalist; J. W. Berkely, comedian; and Huber and Ghidden, musical mokes. Annie Hindle, Minnie Warner, Agnes Hoyt and Johnny Bowman constitute the remainder of the company. There will be no departures this week. The new appearances Nov. 1 will be Retlaw Brothers and Patsy Neeson. Business at both halls has been excellent."

THE CENTRAL THEATRE, Baltimore, Md., is doing a fair business. The new people on Oct. 25 were Dick Clarke, Ethiopian comedian; the Barlow Brothers, two good exponents of the acrobatic style of song-and-dance; and the Coleman Sisters in their sketch of "The Little Sentinel." The Starr Sisters were billed, but failed to appear. Joe T. Fannin in "Seth Grit" and "The Convict's Vengeance" filled the dramatic part of the programme. The departures Oct. 30 were the Mendels, to the Avenue Theatre, Washington, D. C.; Ione Lang, to Fox's, Philadelphia; De Witt Cook, to the Odeon, Newark, N. J.; J. T. Fannin, to take charge of the Virginia Opera-house, Richmond; and the Coleman Sisters' Combination and Dick Clarke, no engagement. The following are underlined to appear Nov. 1: the Claire Sisters, Gussie Crayton, James Haas, Mlle. Emma Bates, and Little Ardine ..... There is no change to note in the company at the Centennial Varieties.

GORMAN AND ROMER, St. Felix Sisters, Garretta Troupe, Miss Lillie Raymond, Sheppard and Whitney, and Manchester and Jennings were the arrivals at Trimble's Varieties Theatre, Pittsburg, Pa., on Oct. 25. The German specialties of Gorman and Romer were of considerable merit. The impersonator of the female characters sustained his roles with decided credit. His make-up, manner and voice so faithfully resembled those of the feminine sex that his identity was scarcely recognized. The performances of the St. Felix troupe, consisting of songs, dances, duets and ballets, were very pleasing. The Garrettas, in their several acts, evinced considerable skill. Young Apollo is one of the smallest specimens of humanity seen on the stage, and his performance was very creditable, considering his very tender age. Miss Raymond's songs met with a fair degree of approbation, and the songs-and-dances of Sheppard and Whitney were cleverly given. Manchester and Jennings reappeared after a brief absence, and liberal applause was bestowed upon their efforts. Those underlined for Nov. 1 are Mons. Alphonse Leroux and Mlle. Emocler, Baker and Doyle, and Professor Fox. Manager Aims is again able to be about. Advices of Oct. 29.

FRANK MONROE, now performing at the Church-street Opera-house, New Haven, Ct., where he can be addressed, would be pleased to hear from managers desiring to engage him for his ceiling-walking and trapeze act. He also wants a lady partner.

MAGNA WREN and James Collins, having postponed their Chicago engagement until Dec. 6, can be engaged by addressing as per card.

DAVIS & CO., theatrical agents, Cincinnati, O., advertise for first-class variety performers, and state that amateurs capable of playing small parts can secure engagements by addressing them.

THE GARRETTA TROUPE and Ed. Monta are in the second week of their engagement at Trimble's Varieties, Pittsburg, Pa.

ALF. BURNETT, assisted by Helen Nash, is performing this week at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, Mass., where he can be addressed by parties desiring to engage him for the week commencing Nov. 8.

DR. J. F. HEALY'S HIBERNIAN GEMS is the title of a new panorama of Irish scenery and historical subjects now being exhibited in conjunction with the performances of the following specialty artists: Jerry Cohan, comedian, etc.; Alice Gleason, comedienne and vocalist; Kate D'Erina, soprano; Charles Gleason, vocalist; Owen Dillon, song-and-dancer; John A. Magee, solo-pianist and musical director; Frank H. Carr, Jule T. Morse, and James A. Graham, lecturer and tourists. Dr. John E. Healy, the proprietor and manager, publishes a card cautioning all parties against infringing on his copyrights.

SPECIALTY ARTISTS are wanted at Smith's Opera-house, East Saginaw, Mich. Address Wm. B. Smith, proprietor, as per card.

AT ALLEN'S THEATRE, Cheyenne, W. T., Dick Brown, a banjoist from California, is the freshest attraction ..... At the Bella Union, Master Leo, gymnast, appeared Oct. 25. He is to accompany the Morosco Family on their Western tour ..... McDaniel's Theatre is to open about Nov. 1.

CHARLES VIVIAN was recently performing in Salt Lake City, Utah.

A YOUNG LADY who wishes to learn the trapeze business inserts her address in another column.

PERFORMERS are wanted at the Atlantic Varieties, Brooklyn, N. Y. See card.

HELEN JUNIPER, who is still performing at Fox's American Theatre, Philadelphia, can be engaged for vacant dates through his agents, Messrs. Lane & Weaver.

IDA ST. CLAIR, dancer, announces through our advertising department that she will hereafter be known by her own name, Ida McCann.

A PARTNER for song-and-dance business is wanted by Charles M. Williams, whose address find in another department.

SHED LE CLAIR, gymnast, is in the seventeenth week of his engagement at Fox's American Theatre, Philadelphia.

LENO LAZOLA AND YAMADIVA, under the management of Al. Hayman, are making a successful tour through South America. A correspondent, writing from Valparaiso, Chili, on Sept. 11, states "that they were to open in that city on that date for three nights, thence to Santiago 16, 17, 18, 19, and Lima. It is the only show that have attempted performances on consecutive nights, and they have proved highly successful."

C. A. LODER, Dutch comique, advertises for an engagement.

ARCHIE WHITE and Ella Esmond, who are now fulfilling a two weeks' engagement at Cleveland, O., open in Toledo Nov. 15.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, at Brooks' Hall, Harrisburg, Pa., was opened Oct. 25 under the management of Col. W. H. Davis, with Frank Clark as stage-manager. In the first part Frank Clark and J. Hawkins appeared on the ends, with Harry King as interlocutor. Miss Nellie Ashton and Lillie Davis rendered "Whipporwill, Sing Me a Lullaby and Rock Me to Sleep." Miss Ashton and Frank Clark appeared Kitty Sheppard, Hattie Forrest, Fannie May, Marian Robinson, Frank Bell and Henry Armstrong in ballads. In the olio Jennie and Albert Lamont appeared in their aerial evolutions and posturing acts, Kitty Sheppard, Fanny May and Hattie Forrest rendered vocal selections, Mlle. Melody appeared in character pictures, Frank Bell made an amusing address, Prof. Prosl o gave very fine violin solos, and Messrs. Armstrong, Bell and Foster appeared in a laughable sketch entitled "Beasly's Dog," and the entire performance concluded with "A Night in Paris," introducing the can-can solos and quadrilles. "Bil" falls.

THE LEON FAMILY, acrobats, with specialties, now performing at the New Paris Theatre, Chicago, Ill., open at the Grand Central, Cincinnati, Nov. 8, where managers desiring to secure them for vacant dates can address.

AT THE OPERA-HOUSE VARIETIES, Hamilton, O., the new people last week were Annie Bowman, vocalist, and Harry Wilton, character-artist and vocalist. Clara Sidelle left for Peoria, Ill. This week the company give entertainments in neighboring towns, and the hall will be renovated prior to the opening of the Winter season. Lady artists with specialties, and other performers, are requested to address Seller & Ross, as per card.

THE NEW ARRIVALS at the Adelphi, Toledo, O., Oct. 25, were the Love Sisters and Minnie Rainforth. The former met with a good reception. Miss Rainforth in serio-comic songs and a ligntning Zonave drill proved a good card. The Collins Brothers closed Oct. 30, to go to Louisville: the Kline Brothers, to Detroit. To open Nov. 1: Williams and Bryant, and O'Neil ..... At the Comique the fresh arrivals Oct. 25 were Mons. and Mme. D'Omer, who do a number of excellent sword and athletic acts, Laura Flint in songs and-dances, Edna Laurent in character changes, Della Wallace in songs Lydia Rosa (a pretty serio-comic), Ned Perry in single songs-and-dances (his partner being sick), and Geo. Nichols, who does a good banjo act. No closures ..... At the Atlantic Varieties Kelly and Seagrave opened Oct. 25 in songs-and-dances.

SIG. FRANCIS, Agnes Sutherland, Gus Warren and Dave McCoy were the arrivals at the Theatre Comique, Cleveland, O., Oct. 25. The attendance has been good. The departures Oct. 30 were the Claire Sisters, to Grand Central, Baltimore, Md.; Baker and Doyle, Pittsburg; Dave McCoy, to Detroit; and Harry Osborn, to Toledo, O.

AT THE HOWARD ATHENÆUM, Boston, Mass., Alf Burnett, Helen Nash, McKee and Rogers, Venus and Adonis, the Fieldings, and a strong variety troupe will appear on Monday, Nov. 1 ..... Boylston Museum attractions are Lew Cole, Fred and Lew Carter, William Avis, Lena Cole, Maggie O'Neale and Dan Hart, the burlesque of "Blackeyed Susan" closing each performance.

WARE. NORTON, character artist, is now fulfilling the fourth week of an engagement at the Olympic Theatre, his city.

CHAS. W. YOUNG, Ethiopian comedian and specialty performer, is at present engaged at the Parisian Varieties, this city, performing in his specialty of "Flewy Flewy."

PROF. NELL SMITH and dogs open at the Tivoli Theatre, this city, Nov. 1, for two weeks.

THE BIG 4—Lasley, Allen, Smith and Waldron—now performing at Tony Pastor's Metropolitan Theatre, this city, in their song-and-dance sketches, etc., open at Front-street Theatre, Baltimore, Md., Nov. 8. They publish their route in a card in this issue, and state that they will travel with Tony Pastor's Troupe next season, commencing April 1.

THE NATIONAL THEATRE COMIQUE, Evansville, Ind., will be opened, under the management of C. S. Baldwin, on Nov. 11, and performers desiring engagements are requested to address as per advertisement.

MISS MAUD LEWIS, vocalist, who has been lying ill during the past two months at her home in Chicago, Ill., is slowly recovering.

THE VARIED ENTERTAINMENT presented at the Grand Central, Philadelphia, during the week ending Oct. 30 met with abundant support. The Langlois Brothers, Tommy Granger, J. H. Carle, Miss Clara Leontine and Sidney C. France were the new faces. The Langlois Brothers are very clever jugglers. Tommy Granger's songs-and-dances and Irish reels, and J. H. Carle's banjo solos, were happily rendered, and deserved the applause with which they were rewarded. Miss Leontine, a pretty and pleasing danseuse, appeared to advantage in Signor Grossi's new ballet entitled "The Shipwreck," Miles. De Rosa and Elise nightly receiving great applause therein. The ballet-corps has been carefully selected and capitally trained. Frank Dumont's sensational drama of "Marked for Life" introduced favorably Sidney C. France in his now well-known personation of Skid; Miss Winnetta Montague, Geo. W. Thompson, James M. Ward and H. G. Richmond filling out the cast acceptably. Miss Lulu Delmay, Sidney C. France, and Law and Pauline Parker closed on Oct. 30. Miss Jennie Engle, Wayne and Lovely, and Murphy and Shannon commence on Nov. 1, when will be produced a new sensational drama entitled "The Winning Hand."

AT ENGCHS' VARIETIES, Philadelphia, the attendance was good during the week ending Oct. 30, the new features of the lengthy programme then presented being the serio-comic vocalism of La Petite Clara, who was favorably received, and the concluding drama of "Buckskin Charley, or the Terror of Texas," which afforded Valentine Love and Nellie Maskell an opportunity for the display of some effective acting in the principal roles, Miss Minnie Lee, Wm. Forepaugh and Alice Napier, and Potts and Steel open Nov. 1, a new drama entitled "The Brigands of Philadelphia" then being produced.

THE RAVEL-HERNANDEZ COMBINATION succeeded in attracting large audiences at Miller's Winter Garden, Philadelphia, during the week ending Oct. 30, and have been re-engaged, appearing this week in the pantomime of "Vol-au-Vent." Miss Emma Brennan closed a successful engagement here Oct. 30. The Mountain Warblers will make their first appearance here Nov. 1.

THE NEW PARK THEATRE, Brooklyn, L. I., in common with the other houses, has suffered a limitation in its audiences during the past week, as one of the principal attractions of the establishment, the new faces on Oct. 25 were Billy Pastor, a brother of the renowned Tony, in a selection of serio-comic songs. Though Mr. Pastor's business is similar to that of his brother, he can in no wise be termed an imitator. His voice is good, and his delivery and manner are decidedly pleasing. His engagement is the most creditable one of the entertainment. The new faces on Oct. 26 were Billy Pastor, a brother of the renowned Tony, in a selection of serio-comic songs. Though Mr. Pastor's business is similar to that of his brother, he can in no wise be termed an imitator. His voice is good, and his delivery and manner are decidedly pleasing. His engagement is the most creditable one of the entertainment. The new faces on Oct. 25

TERMS.

Single copy, 10 cents. Per annum, $5.00 in advance, including postage to any part of the United States. Foreign postage extra.

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Extracts from other papers incorporated in news departments, 30 cents per line.

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FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor,
CLIPPER BUILDING, Centre and Leonard streets, N. Y.

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LICHTENSTEIN OPERA-HALL, MINONK, ILL.
Enlarged and improved; good gallery, and best ventilation; seating 750. Stage, scenery, dressing-rooms, complete. Opened by Susan Denin's Combination Oct. 14, 15, 16. A good show-town for good entertainments.
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HARRY SLATE,
I AM READY. ARE YOU?
Telegraph me or write Theatre Comique, Richmond.
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ATHENÆUM, COLUMBUS, O.,
FOR RENT BY NIGHT OR WEEK.
THIS THEATRE IS SITUATED ON GROUND FLOOR, in the centre of the city, and is thoroughly stocked with scenery, properties, set stuff, carpets, furniture, calcium lights, etc.
Parties can either rent or play on sharing terms. For terms, etc., address PHIL. SAGER, Agent,
31-10t Columbus, O.

ARNOLD JONES,
the old, reliable Advance Agent, can be engaged for a first-class company only. If I do not secure a situation soon, I sail for England. I know my business, and can make money for a good party. Address as above,
31-3t care CLIPPER.

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FOR J. W. MYERS' GREAT AMERICAN CIRCUS, PARIS, FRANCE,
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31-4t* 14 East 15th street, New York, up to Nov. 25.

J. K. FAIRMAN,
J. LEW KING,
and
BLANCHE AIKEN.
Washington, D. C., Until further notice.
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CONCERNING MUSIC HALL,
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Address all letters to S. DAVIS, Agent,
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Under same roof as McDonough House.
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Address as above. Billposting at the usual rates. [27-13t*

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Proprietors of theatres wishing to add to the beauty of their houses will do well to address the undersigned,
THOMAS JONES, cor Centre and Franklin sts.
P. J. HEALY, Agent. [31-13t* New York.

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DUPREZ & BENEDICT'S
ORIGINAL NEW ORLEANS
GIGANTIC MINSTRELS AND BRASS BAND, GREAT TRIPLE COMPANY AND BURLESQUE OPERA TROUPE OF TWENTY-FOUR YEARS' ORGANIZATION, AND MOST SUCCESSFUL, RELIABLE AND POWERFUL MINSTREL BAND IN THE WORLD.

Have received thousands of applications throughout the entire country the past season, from Lyceum Lecture Course Committees, Firemen Companies, Clubs, Military Societies, School Committees, Home Orphan Institutes, Temperance and Benevolent Societies, and many mechanic and other organizations, asking and inquiring particulars, if the services of our company could be engaged on a certain day for one or two nights to play for their benefits, etc. We have also received hundreds of applications from proprietors of Opera-houses, Theatres, Agents of Halls, Billposters and others, wanting to know if we would arrange dates to play for them on certainty, or sell our receipts for one or two nights for their own special speculation, etc., etc., etc. But all such applications we had to decline to negotiate, owing to an extensive traveling route being always arranged five and nine months ahead, which prevented us from accepting any of the above offers whatever. But now we take great pleasure to announce to all the above applicants that we have made arrangements the coming season to accept all such above-mentioned engagements, providing the same will come on our regular route, or within forty to sixty miles from each city we visit, and we to reserve the exclusive right to fix the day and date for such benefits most convenient to our route. Our terms will be from two hundred and fifty dollars ($250) to four hundred and fifty dollars ($450) per night, according to the size of the city and the standing reputation of the company therein. We will give the entire entertainment, and furnish all our regular usual advertisements, consisting of large Pictorial Posters, Advance Ribbon Dodgers, Daily Minstrel Heralds of eight pages of reading matter, Red Band Dodgers and House Programmes. We will pay for posting and advertisements in dailies; and, in fact, we will pay and furnish everything else required to make the entertainment a success except opera-house or hall rent, license, and help required to run the same, which must be furnished and paid for by the parties engaging us. We will also furnish the services of our two first-class agents, who will advertise each and every city thoroughly seven to ten days in advance. First-class managers of theatres wishing to make engagements during the regular season, for one or two weeks on a certainty, will meet with prompt attention, and we will endeavor to fix such dates to suit them. The following are some of the cities we shall visit this coming season, giving an idea of our route to all intended applicants, and they can govern themselves accordingly: Commencing with the old, reliable city of Pittsburg, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Boston, Brooklyn, Cleveland, Louisville, Chicago, Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia, Milwaukee, Providence, R. I., Lowell, Manchester, Portland, Worcester, Hartford, Lawrence, Albany, Newark, Trenton, Harrisburg, Wilmington, Easton, Scranton, Lancaster, Elmira, Utica, Williamsport, Syracuse, Rochester, Buffalo, Watertown, Wheeling, Columbus, Erie, Detroit, East Saginaw, Grand Rapids, Fort Wayne, Battle Creek, Lafayette, Dayton, Indianapolis, Terre Haute, Marietta, Portsmouth, Lexington, Chillicothe, Evansville, Memphis, Nashville, Jackson, Vicksburg, New Orleans, Galveston, Houston, Little Rock, Cairo, Quincy, Keokuk, Peoria, Springfield, Bloomington, Madison, La Crosse, St. Paul, Des Moines, Minneapolis, Dubuque, Fond du Lac, Green Bay, Mankato, Leavenworth City, Council Bluffs, Sioux City, Yankton, Omaha, Denver City, Salt Lake, San Francisco, Sacramento, Stockton, Marysville, Virginia City, Kansas City, St. Joseph, Atchison, Jefferson City, Huntsville, Ala., Chattanooga, Knoxville, Norfolk, Petersburg, Richmond, Montreal, Quebec, Ottawa, and Toronto. All letters of application must be addressed to No. 135 North Third street, Philadelphia, Pa., to
CHAS. H. DUPREZ,
Manager of the Great Duprez & Benedict's Minstrels.
Cut this out and keep it for future reference.
P. S.—Arrangements can also be made on the arrival in each city, ten days in advance of the company, with our only authorized general business agent.
34-1t-tf eow J. H. LAINE, Esq.

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Will be rented on favorable terms to first class applicants.
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The Hodge Opera-house was designed and constructed under the direction of a skillful architect and a careful builder, after the most approved modern plans, and is finished with Parquet, Dress and Family Circle, four proscenium Boxes, ample Stage, with Border and Foot-lights, Traps, Bridges, Slides, many complete sets of Scenery and Drop-curtains, and convenient to which are seven Dressing-rooms, Closets, etc. There are 1,165 numbered seats; capacity of the House is 2,000, and is licensed.
Population of Lockport, 16,000. Located 285 miles west from Albany by railroad; 56 miles west from Rochester; 25 miles east from Buffalo; 21½ miles east from Niagara Falls. The N. Y. C. R. R. passes through the city. Trains arrive from Niagara Falls, Suspension Bridge, Buffalo, and Rochester at all hours of the day and night. The proprietor of the Opera-house intends making everything as pleasant and profitable for showmen as possible.

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immediately adjoining the theatre. Troupe terms, $1 per day. [25-13t* JAMES HARRISON, Manager.

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BUSINESS-MANAGER, AGENT,
OR TREASURER,
at liberty after Nov. 20. Address care
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NEAREST OPERA-HOUSE AND DEPOT.
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B. P. O. E.
The annual election of officers of this Lodge will be held at the lodge-rooms, Masonic Hall, 114 and 116 East 13th street, on Sunday, Nov. 7, on and after which date the lodge will be opened at 7.30 P. M.
Traveling brothers will please take notice that all communications should be addressed to
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VARIETY TALENT and SENSATIONAL STARS WANTED at once.
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TO BE SOLD AT AUCTION.
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P. T. BARNUM'S ROMAN HIPPODROME
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P. T. BARNUM'S WORLD'S FAIR,
THE FINEST SELECTION OF WILD ANIMALS in the world, comprising
ONE HIPPOPOTAMUS (if cost is bid for him),
FIVE PERFORMING ELEPHANTS,
CAMELS, DROMEDARIES, GIRAFFES, SEA-LIONS, and many OWLY specimens of rare and valuable animals.
THOROUGHBRED IMPORTED HORSES,
RING-HORSES, TRICK and BAGGAGE HORSES,
VALUABLE WARDROBE,
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FRIDAY, NOV. 26, AT 10 A. M.
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CROWDED HOUSES,
AND STILL
NO PAPER
ON THE WALLS.
HARRY ROBINSON'S MINSTRELS

This famous company appeared at Union Hall last evening, and the popularity of the man with the "Silver Horns" was testified to by a crowded house, composed of a better class of people than were ever seen at a minstrel entertainment in this city. Everything was new, fresh, and sparkling, and the audience laughed and cheered and applauded and admired until they were tired. The bone-solo was immense, and held the audience with which it was received last evening, the manager is fully warranted in giving it much prominence. George Robinson in his female impersonations captivated the audience, and the ladies wouldn't be persuaded that he wasn't one of them until they looked at the bills. The clog-dances were finely rendered, and Charley Armstrong, with his droll Dutch dialect, was a whole show in himself. The concert numbers elicited performers, and, by their gentlemanly conduct in the city yesterday, and their presentation of a first-class entertainment, won for themselves hosts of admirers, who will anxiously look for their reappearance before leaving this part of the country.

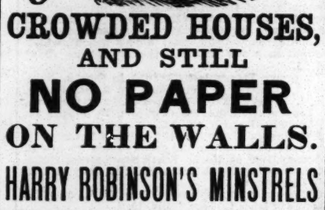
BASEBALL.

When Harry Robinson arrived in town yesterday morning, and some of the posted ones whispered around that he had a full-fledged nine in his clothes, there was a hustling to and fro, a gathering of the clans, and, in a wonderfully short space of time, a match was arranged, and the Burlingtons line and the minstrel nine met for a friendly contest on the same Ground on West Hill. A goodly crowd of spectators were in attendance, and the game was very finely played, the score at the end of the ninth inning standing 19 and 19. A tenth inning was played, in which the Burlingtons made a run, and the game closed 20 to 19 in favor of the New Burlingtons. Below we give the score:

MINSTRELS.	R.	O.	BURLINGTON.	R.	O.
J. G. Baldwin, 1st b..	2	0	Hawksworth.....	2	3
James Green, 1 f.....	1	3	W. Mesmer.....	1	4
Del Clark, c.....	1	2	Augherer	1	4
Jerry Cavana, 3d b....	1	3	C. Rich	2	3
Charley Armstrong, p.	2	4	J. McInerry.....	3	3
Tom Sadler, r. f.....	3	3	Hall.....	1	3
Billy McAllister, r f..	2	1	Parr.....	1	4
Wm. Werden, 2d b....	3	2	Rothery.....	4	0
O. T. Seymour, c f....	1	1	Gnahn.....	2	3
Totals.....	19	25	Totals.....	20	27

Minstrels..3 2 2 2 2 0 1 2 5 0—19
Burlington..4 0 3 0 3 3 0 1 1 5—20
FROM BURLINGTON DAILY HAWKEYE.

From the above notices it seems that, aside from manipulating the bones and tamb, the boys must try the ash and leather, and will be pleased at any time to try a friendly bout with clubs residing on their line of travel; and, although more uncertain of success on the "diamond" than on the "boards," will modestly accept each victory, and cheerfully bear defeat. 32-1t*



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Tom Sadler, r. f.....	3	3	Hall.....	1	3
Billy McAllister, r f..	2	1	Parr.....	1	4
Wm. Werden, 2d b....	3	2	Rothery.....	4	0
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Totals.....	19	25	Totals.....	20	27

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CHARLES GLEASON, the well-known banjoist and comedian.
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